

A high-angle, top-down photograph of a person bungee jumping over a lush green field. The person is wearing a red t-shirt, blue pants, and a harness, with their arms and legs spread out. Below them, a dark-colored car is parked on the grass, and several people are visible in the distance. The overall scene is vibrant and captures a moment of adventure.

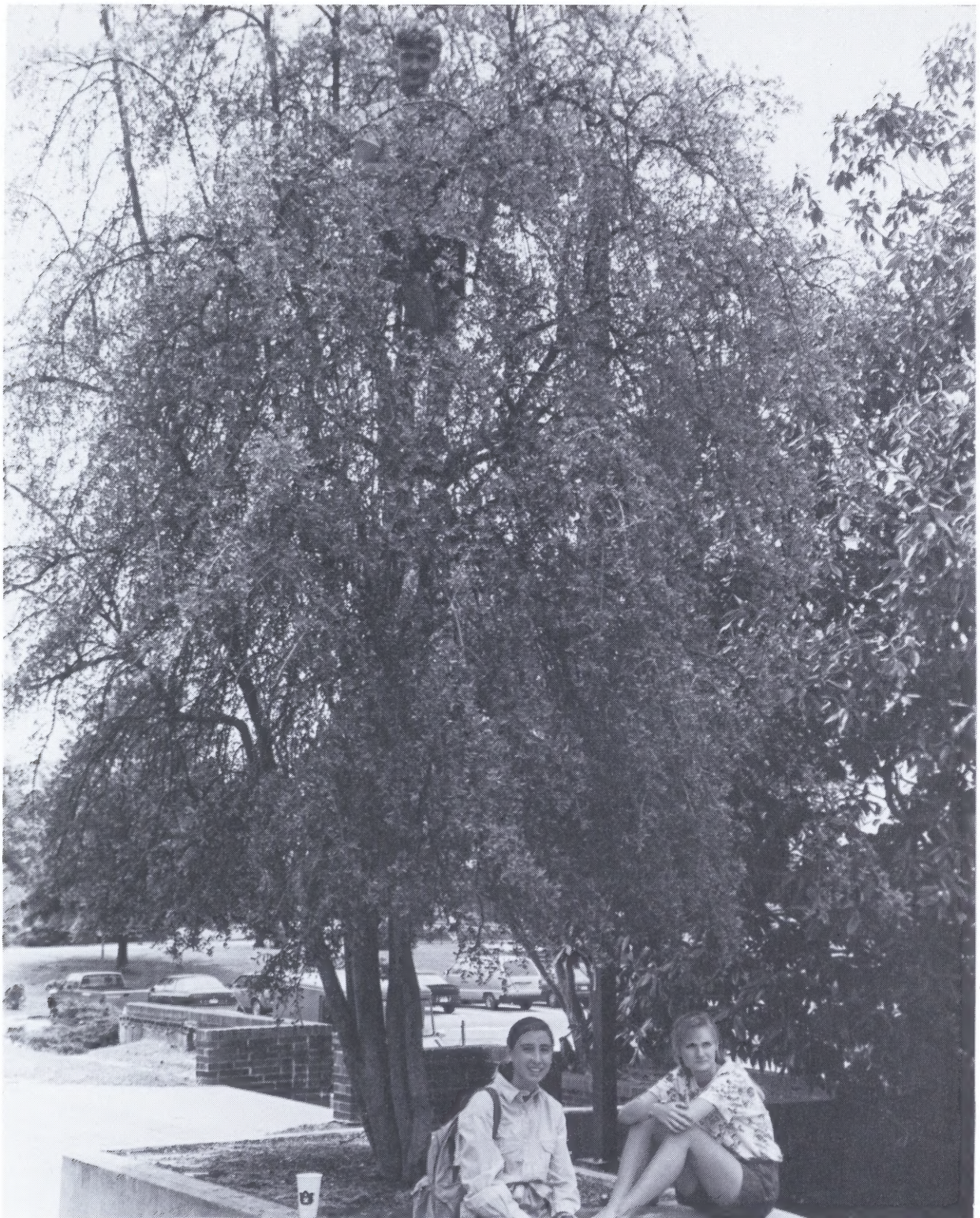
The Auburn CIRCLE

Vol. 17, No. 2

Spring 1992

BUNGEE!

Plus: Helping wounded birds,
A look into Auburn's merchant history,
Fiction, Poetry, Photography, Art
And a special full color architectural Gallery



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Oliver Leembruggen

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ARTICLES

- 12 **Raptor Rescue** Jennifer Ryan
SERRC rescues and releases
birds of prey.
22 **Bungee!** compiled by staff
The real rush of falling fast.
32 **One Century** Jennifer Tribble
A look at Auburn in 1890.
34 **The End of an Era** Troy Teel
A look at the Nation in 1890.

OPINION

- 38 **Separate Pasts, Separate Symbols**
Dr. Wayne Flynt
University professor of history
addresses the significance of
symbols.
42 **Circulation** compiled by staff
Students respond to issues.

FICTION

- 6 **Crossed Ties** Jennifer Bannister
An expatriate finds herself
haunted by the past she tries to
escape and finds death the only
way out.
19 **The Human Condition** Marvin Sexton
A young intern finds the eye of
God and the secret of life hidden
in human flesh.
24 **Without a Word** Brenda T. Peters
A determined Alabama woman
breaks the silence and finds her
daughter.
41 **Mechanical Ballet** Roger A. Pritchett
The writer experiences art in a
fireman's routine.

POETRY

- 5 **Gold Hill** Jake Adam York
14 **Lipstick** Shana Campbell
14 **The Sun and the Shadow**
Saja Hoffpauir
31 **Broken Reach** Ginny Sawyer
31 **adulterate simile** Mark Rollins
36 **Men In Blue Suits**
T. Franklin Harris, Jr.
37 **Tobacco** Jake Adam York

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 2 **Untitled** Oliver Leembruggen
5 **Untitled** Todd Van Ernst
9 **Reception** Matt McLean
10 **Night Life 2** Matt McLean
14 **Nature Reclaims Man's XS**
Eric Lewis
15 **Leningrad** Kristen Carter
15 **Tintern Abbey** J. Scott Finn
27 **African Children of War Visiting
Toledo, Spain** Jessica Jones
31 **Untitled** Ruth Saunders
36 **Reflections** Mary Carroll Burns
37 **Street Religion** Matt McLean
40 **The Path** Tom Starling
41 **Stained Glass** Mary Carroll Burns

ART

- 11 **Pieces** Shannon Honeycutt
16 **Untitled** Michelle Stagg
17 **Woman in Chains** Karen Parr
17 **When the Bough Breaks**
Allison V. Farrar
18 **Michael's Man** Shawna Scarpitti
20 **Burning Black Sun** Shawna Scarpitti
21 **Indian** Sonya Stucki
-The Gallery-
28 **Anachronism: Superimposition of
Past and Present**
Christopher S. Engle
Kevin P. Singleton
30 **Alternative Art**
Thin Rock Sections Jonathan Grimes
Fractal Art Rick Wesson

CONTRIBUTORS

Jennifer L. Bannister is a sophomore studying German. One day she hopes to rule the world but will begin with the *Circle* next year instead.

Mary Carroll Burns is majoring in Spanish and Psychology. A senior from Montgomery, she is currently serving as the president of the Panhellenic Council and hopes to attend law school and the FBI academy.

Shana Campbell is a sophomore in Zoology-Pre Vet. Born in Hawaii, she says her hobbies are animals, animals, animals.

Kristen Carter is a junior in International Trade. She grew up in England, and she attended university in Munich before coming to Auburn. Kristen says she would like to work for the United Nations or the U. S. State Department.

Christopher S. Engel is a thesis student in Architecture from Birmingham, Alabama.

Allison V. Farrar is a senior in Fine Arts with an emphasis in sculpture. Her hometown is Goodway, Alabama, which she claims is not a real town, but a collective delusion. She enjoys painting, playing bass guitar and relaxing at JT's CoffeeHouse.

J. Scott Finn is an associate professor of Architecture. He spends his summers teaching at Phillips Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. A Princeton and Yale graduate, he is a registered architect in the state of Massachusetts and was the architect for the PBS series *This Old House*.

Jonathon Grimes is a graduate teaching assistant in the Geology Department. He enjoys participating in triathlons.

T. Franklin Harris Jr. is a junior in Political Science from Athens, Alabama. He is a frequent contributor to *The Freeman* and a contributing writer for the *Republican Liberty* newsletter. In his spare time, Franklin pretends to be an artist.

Saja Hoffpauir is a senior in social work from Crowley, Louisiana. Saja will begin law school at the University of Tennessee in the fall.

Shannon Honeycutt is senior in Fine Arts from Chattanooga, Tennessee. Shannon would like to be either an art therapist or a Hell's Angel— it's either save the world or destroy it. Shannon says she enjoys painting and playing the piano.

Jessica Jones is a graduate student in Spanish. Jessica says her goal is to work for greater tolerance in the world and to promote human rights and fair treatment of oppressed peoples. She hopes that one day we will live in a discrimination and hate-free society.

Oliver W. Leembruggen is a junior in Aerospace Engineering from Greenville, South Carolina. He is a *Plainsman* photographer and likes to run, swim, play raquetball, dance and listen to good music. He is learning how to build high-tech, high-speed jet fighters, and wants to hang around with the navigators.

Eric Lewis is a senior in Industrial Design from New Jersey. His major teaches him how to devise products that enhance the world instead of taking away from it.

Matt McLean is a junior in Mechanical Engineering. He comes from an undisclosed location near Montgomery and denies any connection with the McLean Deluxe.

Karen Parr is a junior in Journalism and Art from Gadsden, Alabama. She says she wants to paint and write and spend the rest of her time swimming or dancing.

Brenda T. Peters is the slide curator at the Architecture Library. Ms. Peters graduated from Auburn with a Bachelor of Industrial Design degree. Her hobbies include reading and writing fiction. Ms. Peters also enjoys traveling as well as photography and art.

Roger A. Pritchett is a thesis student in Architecture from Houston, Texas.

Kristan Potter is a freshman in Psychology from Marietta, Georgia. Her interests include painting, drawing, piano and tennis. Kristan says she loves nature.

Mark Rollins is a junior in English from Macon, Georgia.

Ruth Saunders is a senior from Jemison, Alabama, majoring in Landscape Architecture. She still enjoys life.

Ginny Sawyer is a junior in English from Enterprise, Alabama.

Shawna Scarpitti is a senior in Fine Arts from Jensen Beach, Florida. She enjoys playing in clay, in water, and in life.

Marvin Sexton is a Senior in Pre-Medicine and English from Mobile, Alabama. Marvin, one of the many demented undergraduates in the English department, will graduate this quarter. He begins Medical School in the fall at UAB.

Kevin P. Singleton is a thesis student in Architecture from Tallahassee, Alabama.

Michelle Stagg is a senior in Visual Arts from Birmingham, Alabama. Her dream is to be in a sleazy MTV rock video.

Tom Starling is a senior in Marketing. He has been interested in photography for fifteen years and has served as photo editor for the *Glomerata*. He shoots Canon F-1s— no finicky Nikons.

Sonja Stucki is a junior in Secondary Education and Foreign Language from Lillian, Alabama. Her immediate goals include trying to remain sane until she graduates.

Troy Teel is a southern gentleman who graduated winter quarter with a degree in History. He plans to return to Auburn to teach history and write a book about the South.

Todd Van Ernst is a junior in Economics from Birmingham. His hobbies include photography, skydiving and bungee jumping.

Rick Wesson is a senior in Management Information Systems. He hopes that his fractal art will someday support him.

Jake Adam York is a junior in English from Gadsden, Alabama. His latest neurosis is extreme vertigo, and his hobbies include writing and playing guitar. Jake hopes one day to be Poet Laureate of the Universe and part-time president of some small East European country.

Gold Hill

by Jake Adam York

Jerusalem is in the corn,
his praying place between
the rows, a golden city.
A meagre Jordan spins
meal from earth below

the hill of skulls. He
listens to the corn grow
and reads all the red
letters by dusklight,
watching the city sway.

The house, a squat box
walled with boards
from old plantations
where his ancestors
wore the skin from their fingers

in fields below the Alabama
sun, rots, his parents'
wedding bed filled
with dust and termites,
cold in the childless

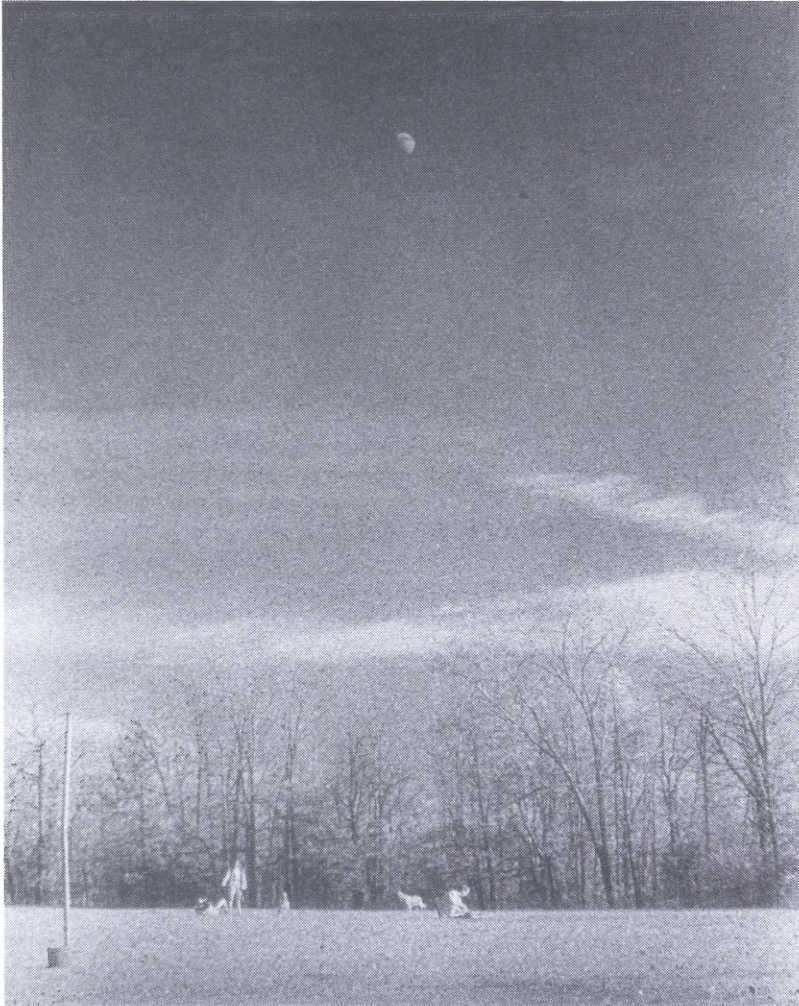
home. A gun hangs cold
above the hearth, shivering
in candlelight, three
flames for the dead.
He rocks on the porch

whispering prayers
into the wailing wall
before him. Kudzu tickles
his knees, falling
from his childhood throne,

now a dark stump against
the purple evening. He
clutches his father's
Bible with the hands
of a cornhusker and pulls

the worn, lavender ribbon
from the Testament's spine.
He opens to John's dream
and prays himself into a new
Jerusalem, a golden city

spread across boneless
hills, beside a roaring
Jordan where the wind
in the rows is laughter—
a psalm burning his ear.

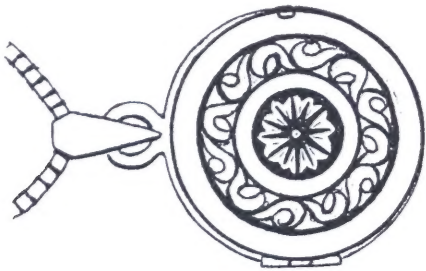


Untitled
Infrared photograph
Todd Van Ernst

Crossed Ties

by Jennifer Bannister

I watch as the train pulls out of the station, traveling on to Bruges. That disconsolate feeling envelops me yet again. The January rain softly, rhythmically falls around me—a lone figure on the platform. The wide brim of my hat weighs down with water, streaks felt-red across my cheeks. I see his face as I close my eyes and feel...nothing. Wanting to cry, I remember...



The day is smoky blue as I leave my flat in search of life. September holds my soul in her melancholy fist. Nothing I could do would bring back the happiness of summer. Only two weeks ago, Christophe so abruptly informed me in his Franco-English that he had "no more time to play at house." I imagined his lithe torso tanned now, outstretched at St. Tropez with a newly acquired lover to stroke his ego. She was probably a "matron," wanting someone with Chris' looks and lack of curiosity to complement her surgically adjusted 20-year-old body. Yes, that was happiness for Christophe—a whore to the lifestyle for which he insatiably searched.

I was thankful he had gone. No more demanding, devouring, gorgeous, faintly sadistic male to appease. Yet, instead of release, today I am filled with loneliness. Approaching my twenty-ninth birthday, I sense a lack of permanence in my life. I possess a million lifetimes of memories, but memories can only warm you with a shot glass on a cold autumn night. So, this Thursday, my thirst for communication has led me down this street, across this bridge, to this cafe. I order a cup of hot tea and sit to watch the lovers pass by. These are not the ardent, physical youth of Spring, but the mature, steadfast possessors of a companionable love. A friendship that is evident not in the linked hands of April, but in the quiet peacefulness of their gait.

The trees have changed colour. I think they have actually grown since the last time I sat alone in this cafe. The kiosk has been removed from the corner and now a book vendor faces the imposing university entrance. The



couple stops for a moment, playfully arguing over some book. Their voices include me in the intimate circle of love and happiness; for that moment, the sky is brilliant blue. Yes, I will be okay. I finish my tea and buy the book left behind by the lovers.

Thursday night broke early, clear and cold. Gathering up my last entrails of despair, I grab my coat and wander into the city. My favorite pub sits across the square, pulsating with life. As I enter the warm room, the students call out to me. I wave and continue to a table near the kitchen.

"Allo! What do you want tonight?" The grim bartender places a deckle on the old wooden table and lights a candle. "Only a beer."

His eyebrow rises in surprise, but he says nothing as he quickly moves to fill my request.

I take out the book, *The Burning Brand*, and begin reading. The students argue heatedly over a topic from class; a group of businessmen in the corner discuss the upcoming local elections; a discreet prostitute moves through the bar, finally sitting at my table.

"I saw your god here last week."

I hold my place in the book and take a drink of beer.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WYNNE JOHNSON

"Did he sleep with you?" I ask as I place the glass on the deckle.

As the prostitute smiles, I am struck by her natural beauty.

"No, but he did give me something." She reaches behind her neck and unclasps a chain. She holds the necklace out to me. "He told me to give you this." She drops it into my palm and leaves the table.

At the end of the chain is a familiar locket, a circle larger than a quarter with my initials engraved upon it. I put on the necklace, happy that he remembered to return it.

I continue reading until the bartender returns with another beer. I thank him and glance at my watch. It is almost nine, and the bar is beginning to overflow. *After this beer I must find some food*, I think as my eyes wander around the room. My gaze locks with another patron's deep brown eyes. I smile at this stranger and the spell is broken. I can see that it is a man, neither young nor old, and that he is a foreigner here. He picks up his drink and walks toward me.

"Good evening." His smile is electrifying and somewhat shy as he motions to my table. "May I sit with you?"

"Are you an American?" I ask, knowing that this is true, that he is a North Easterner.

"Yes. Does this mean yes, I may, or no, you want me to leave?" He asks without a trace of a smile.

Compassionately, I gesture to the chair and close my book.



A bird sings outside the window as I slowly awake to the dawn. Through the window, I can see the fog rising from the river. I know that by lifting my head I could see this morning's barge. The man beside me stirs slightly, hiding his face from the sunlight. His hair is raven on my white sheets. His back is muscular, thin. I touch his shoulder and he turns to me, faintly smiling. His eyes open and, for a moment, he stares into my soul.

He reaches for me, embraces me, and holds me as he falls to sleep once again.



Christmas surrounds us as we walk down the street, window shopping. Timothy stops in front of a restaurant. His reflection in the window smiles at me. We walk into the noisy room.

We sit at a table near the fireplace, absorbing the atmosphere of a foreign celebration. Tim's black hair rests on his shoulders as he inspects the occupants of the restaurant.

"How long have you been here?" I ask him.

His brown eyes are sparkling as he answers. "Only since July." He turns to look at a family entering the restaurant.

"This is incredible!" he says.

I smile at him. "Yes, this is my favorite holiday."

Tim turns back to me and asks, "When was the last time you were home?"

I pause. "Do you mean in America?" He nods. "About twelve years ago. This is my second Christmas here."

Tim's eyes narrow as he looks at me. He grabs my hand and pulls me up from my seat. "Let's go for a walk."

"Where are you from?" he asks as we begin walking down the street. Tim's hand closes over mine. The winter wind bites our knuckles, but I sacrifice comfort for this bonding.

"Albany, Mississippi. Why?" I pull my coat up around my neck.

"Why did you leave?"

I turn to look at Tim and notice that we have stopped in front of the train station.

"I don't know anymore. My parents died when I was young, and I was raised by my grandfather. We were very different people." I resume walking slowly. Snow begins to fall lightly on my face. "I guess I was just at that age, and Papa Moore tried to dictate my life. So, I left." I shrug and shiver as it snows faster.

"Why? What happened?" Tim turns to face me.

"After I graduated high school, I left town with a friend of mine. I've never been back."

Tim embraces me.

"Why don't we go home?" I ask as we stand in the accumulating snow.



The candlelight casts an ominous flavour on an already depressing Christmas night. Tim sleeps on the oak bed, the white comforter rising and falling gently. His long black hair covers his face. I look at his skin, pale against the white cotton. His summer tan has faded. I sit across the room, dressed only in a short purple robe, remembering the insomnia-filled nights with Chris. I finger the locket and open it to see the white sleeping powder Chris has left. On the side table there is a gas lamp, the main source of illumination here. Looking around the room, I notice Tim's attache case is open on the window seat. I place my book on the table and put on my glasses as I walk to the black leather case. I kneel with a candle to see what Tim has placed there. My fingers touch a small black book the size of a diary. My heart misses a beat, and I glance at the sleeping figure to ensure he is still asleep. Quietly, I return to my chair.

The book falls open and I begin to read:

Today we traveled to Paris. The women there are exquisite. Elane does not see the beauty in these people. I still do not know if she is the girl I am looking for, but, if not, I am at another dead end. Elane has enough money. She works here and there. I think she may be a writer of some sort or perhaps a prostitute. Christmas is in a couple of weeks. Hopefully, she'll tell me more then.

I'm not sure what this means. Why would he be looking for me? I glance back at the bed— Tim still sleeps. I walk over to the dresser and blow out the candles. I return to my chair and open the leather-bound book to the beginning.

Timothy L. Kastrinkov
Case No. 4235
Elane Green
Caucasian female
4 Oct 1963— Albany, MS
Parents— deceased

Wow. I have my own case number and everything. I continue reading.



I finish dressing for our New Year's party, putting on diamond earrings. In the standing looking glass, I can see Tim pour two glasses of champagne, his tuxedo well-made, but well-worn. I look at my own reflection. My brown hair is lightly curled, the forest green dress clings to my hips and the black hose and shoes remind of a Halloween in Mississippi.

"Elane, what time are we supposed to be there?" Tim asks as he hands me a glass of champagne.

"At ten. Our dinner reservations are much earlier, though." I watch as Tim finishes his drink and helps me into my coat.



The light in the restaurant is dim as we eat dessert. Tim gently puts down his fork and reaches across for my hand.

"Elane, I have something to tell you." His eyes will me to look at him. "I am a detective. I know you read my book. I was sent to find you."

I do not flinch as his stare hardens.

"Your paternal grandfather hired my agency five years ago. I have been following you for two years."

I remove my hand from his grasp and wipe my mouth with the linen napkin. I pause for a moment.

"I wanted you to know who I was, but I had no idea how to tell you, so I left my book out for days hoping you would find it. Finally, you did. But you never mentioned it. Did you know I was following you?" Tim gazes questioningly at my face.

"Last summer in Brazil, I thought someone was after me, and then in Prague, but I dismissed it as travel paranoia." I sip the wine. "Why were you hired? What are you going to do now that you've found me?"

"Your grandfather was ill when I left, he wanted me to meet you, to make sure you were well taken care of. It is a long way from Albany, Mississippi, to this restaurant. The

Tim reaches into his jacket and pulls out a cream envelope. "This is your grandfather's will. He died five months ago. You are the sole heir to his estate. Admittedly, it isn't much. We need to go to the American Embassy and sign these papers."

He opens the envelope and takes out the will for me read. "Much of the wealth has been lost and part of it was sold to pay taxes, but what I could salvage I brought with me. It is safe in Belgium." Tim folds the will and places it back in the envelope. "We can discuss it tomorrow. Let's go to the party."



How could he have found me? What exactly does he know?

night we met, I was certain you were the one I wanted. Your friend Dewight told me about what happened in Albany. Your grandfather Moore is dead now. He killed himself not long after you left."

"I don't want to remember that. In fact, I don't want to remember any of this. I am not going back to Mississippi ever again."

"I know. Do you realize that you cry in your sleep, that some nights you shiver and scream? You may never be able to run away from those memories. And then what?" Tim moves his chair closer to mine. Our conversation appears to be normal to the other patrons of the restaurant. A few even smile at his gesture, thinking that perhaps they are witnessing the beginning of a relationship, not the end.

"I don't know. I have been running away, but it feels more like I was running to something. Where is my Grandfather Green? What does he want with me now?"

I stood at the French doors holding a glass of champagne and staring out at the night. *How could he have found me? What exactly does he know?* I try to answer some of these questions, when I realize that there is no way Tim could have found me. None. I am not even Elane

Green. I lift the glass to my lips and grasp my locket. By the end of this night, the man who calls himself Timothy Kastrinkov will die, and with him, the chance that I will ever be discovered.

I turn to see Tim standing at the fireplace watching me. I smile and wave to the kitchen. I put the empty glass on an end table and begin walking. As I enter the kitchen, Tim grabs my elbow and kisses me firmly on the mouth.

"We should leave right after midnight, okay? I only have to share you for two more hours." I nod at him. "Well, aren't you going to kiss me?"

"You are really drunk, aren't you?" Tim's ghastly smile strengthens my resolve to kill him. "Why don't we go for a walk in the garden before all the excitement begins?"

"Yeah, sure. Let me get our coats." Tim turns to walk away.

"No, I'll get some champagne. We won't really be out long enough for coats." I walk back into the ballroom

and stop a waiter. I open my locket and pour Christophe's sleeping powder into one of the glasses. I give that glass to Tim as we walk into the night.



The clock strikes midnight. Balloons fall from the ceiling, streamers shoot from the walls, and people all around me kiss and sing. I finish my last glass of champagne and smile to myself, knowing that now I am free. I gather my coat and bag and venture into the street, humming happily as I walk down the cobblestone avenue.



There is a knock on the door. Groggily, I look at my watch. Nine-thirty. My stomach churns as I realize that he may have been found last night and they were only now able to locate me.

"Ms. Green? I am from the American Embassy."

I gather my long housecoat around me and put on my slippers. "Just a minute, please." I walk to the door, pushing the hair from my eyes.

"Yes?" I ask as I open the large white door.

Two men in dark blue suits and overcoats stand just inside the hall. Their shoes are wet with snow and I relax a bit, hoping that the shoes are freshly wet from identifying his body. The taller one holds out a photograph of Timothy.

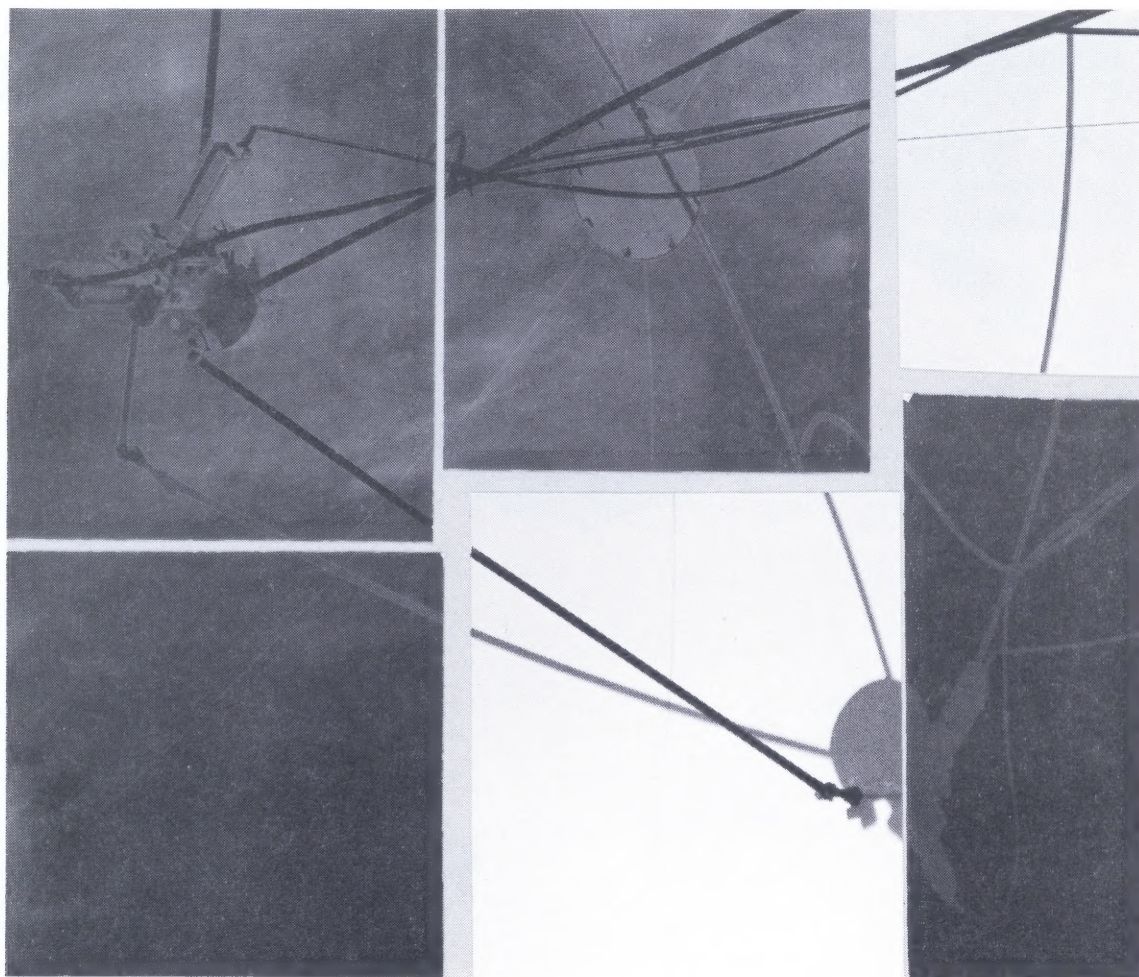
"Do you know this man?" I take the picture and immediately answer.

"Yes. He has been staying with me for months. Is there something wrong?" I ask as I give the picture back to the men.

"I'm very sorry. This man was found dead this morning. We need you to come with us and ID the body. We will wait downstairs until you are dressed."



The day passes easily. No one is suspicious of Tim's death. His body was found in the hotel's duck pond. The officials attributed his death to carelessness and drunkenness. His body is sent to the American Embassy in Bruges before traveling on to America. I watch the train leave the station, wanting to cry for the loss of my lover, but smiling instead for the freedom his death brings me.



Reception
Matthew McLean



Night Life 2
Matthew McLean



Pieces
10"x16" intaglio print
Shannon Honeycutt

Raptor Rescue

The Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation Center Rescues and Releases Birds of Prey

by Jennifer Ryan

Ever wondered where War Eagle VI, our gorgeous golden eagle named "Tiger," came from? Through the efforts of a raptor rehabilitation facility in Kentucky, Tiger was saved from what could have been a grim future.

Fortunately for Alabama's birds of prey, a number of excellent raptor rehabilitation facilities have opened throughout the state to treat injured raptors like Tiger. Among the best is the Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation Center, operated by the Auburn University College of Veterinary Medicine celebrating its 100th anniversary this year.

The Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation Center (SERRC) was established in the winter of 1977, a time when the bald eagle was an endangered species. Since then, the SERRC has become one of the Southeast's oldest raptor facilities, operating through a cooperative agreement between the University and the College of Veterinary Medicine.

The SERRC is run almost entirely by student volunteers. They spend about 15 hours per week at the center, and say that it is virtually impossible to have another job.

Thousands of eagles, hawks, owls and vultures are injured by humans each year. Gunshot wounds are a constant threat, among other injuries like high speed collisions with cables, barbed wire and radio and



Cochise, a bald eagle, was released into the wild on May 9, 1992. —Photo by Oliver Leembruggen

television towers; a few are even poisoned. Without the care of Auburn's College of Veterinary Medicine, many of these birds would probably die. The SERRC is currently responsible for the recovery of many birds of prey.

Through the joint efforts of students and faculty members, the

Like athletes in training, the raptors must take slow steps to regain their former strength.

SERRC has provided specialized care for more than a thousand raptors since its beginning. All medicine and equipment is donated by the college's Small Animal Clinic. Using state of the art technology, the SERRC can provide CAT scans, skin grafts and specialized surgery for these birds. The SERRC has capabilities to rescue two-thirds of the raptors brought to it.

Student coordinator Kristin Hansen treats the medical needs of

each bird before it begins rehabilitation with Kelli Edson.

Edson, a junior in Auburn University's wildlife program, is the student rehabilitation coordinator of the SERRC and has been with the center for just more than a year.

"Our time is not our own, not unlike being a doctor. We're lucky to be a part of this program. It's something a lot of people miss," she said.

"It's just like a job, but we don't get paid. There are other rewards, though, like experience," she said. "It's like

another part of our education.

"The most rewarding part of our work is seeing the birds that come in with severe injuries released back into the wild." The SERRC follows a strictly regimented plan to get the birds to that stage.

During recovery, the raptors are kept confined so they do not over-exert or further injure themselves. The muscles could easily break down at this time because exercise is limited.

Reconditioning the muscles is the first priority for birds in rehabilitation. Like athletes in training, the raptors must take slow steps to regain their former strength. Before a bird is released, it must demonstrate the strength and endurance necessary to fly and hunt.

With renewed vitality, the birds begin a series of flight programs. They are placed in flight cages built by the students. The bird is restrained by leather straps called jesses, to which a leash may be fastened. Students then lead the birds through progressive lessons to improve their strength in flight.

A kill cage is another must for rehabilitation. A bird must prove it has mastered the hunt before it is released. The success rate for rehabilitation is 30 to 35 percent, higher than the national average.

Severely injured birds that cannot be rehabilitated are featured in educational programs by the SERRC. The faculty advisors for the SERRC believe that education is their first priority.

Edson's favorite bird at the center is a Harris's hawk named Navajo. "When I started, they warned me not to work with Navajo because of his nasty temperament. I didn't listen," she said. "His personality and breed are unique—I happen to like him.

"He requires a lot of attention. Sometimes he squawks at me for not paying him enough attention, like he's jealous," Edson said.

Navajo travels often with Edson to give presentations. Each year, about 40 presentations are given to schools, conservation groups and hunting organizations to increase public awareness about the protected raptors.

Dr. K. E. Nusbaum, faculty director for the SERRC, said, "The thought is that if we can talk to people before they go afield with guns, they will develop a different ethics for wildlife."

Edson said, "Most of the hunters that go afield are educated, but it's the few who are not that cause trouble." Injuring a raptor, or even keeping the feathers of a raptor, is prohibited by federal law.

The SERRC is a non-profit, volunteer organization dependent



ILLUSTRATION BY WYNNE JOHNSON

entirely on donations to operate. The center is quickly outgrowing current facilities, and soon expansion plans will be underway.

But funds are needed to turn these plans into reality. "We should be like a clinic," Edson said, "but what we have is a barn.

"People are always wanting to see Tiger, so Tiger stays in a facility that costs much more than any money the SERRC has ever gotten. Sometimes we get left by the way," she said.

"It's a shame that birds in the wild that need the help don't get it just because they don't go to football games every Saturday. Our birds need help much more than Tiger."

The SERRC has just implemented a program called the "Adopt-A-Bird Sponsorship" to help cover its expenses. Kathy Stieh, a graduate student involved with the SERRC, said, "It's a wonderful opportunity for people to get involved in wildlife."

Sponsorships are available for eagles, hawks, owls and vultures at costs of \$1.00 to \$3.50 per week. Sponsorships help provide food and shelter for the SERRC's permanent residents so it can begin its plans for new facilities and continue its educational role in Alabama.

If you find an injured raptor, contact the local conservation office or the SERRC.

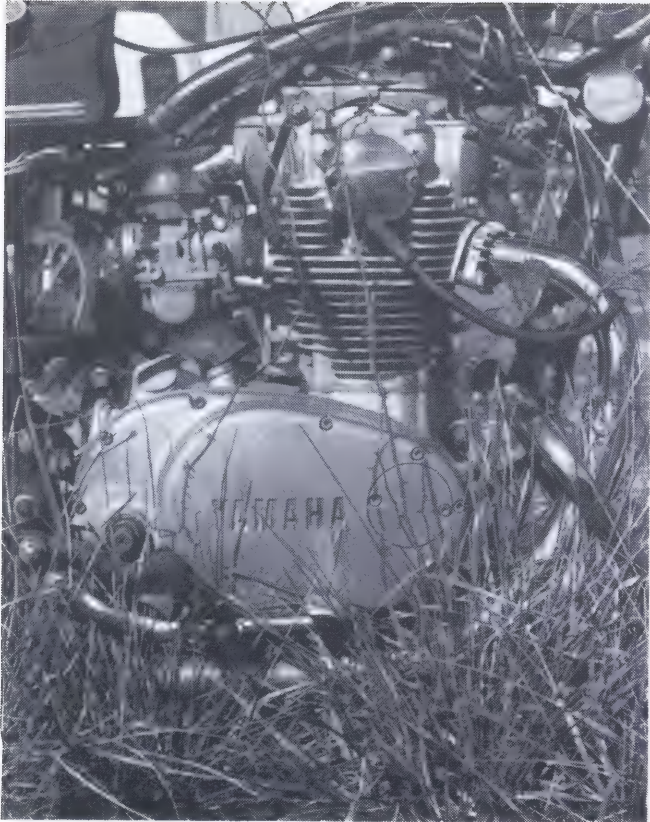


Navajo was trained for falconry.—Photo by Clint Clark

For more information regarding the Adopt-A-Bird Sponsorship program, contact:

Southeastern Raptor Rehabilitation
Center— Small Animal Clinic
College of Veterinary Medicine
Auburn University, Alabama 36849-3501
(205) 844-2666





Nature Reclaims Man's XS

Eric C. Lewis

The Sun and the Shadow

by Saja Hoffpauir

His light touch turns into a sweet caress
and I know he is behind me,
above me.

Yearning, tilting, I turn myself round.
Sensations are shifted, but not increased.
Silently, I beg for him to come
closer.

But fixed distance remains.
With mute prayers unanswered, I feel forced to turn
away.

Scorned.
Confused.

Beside me, below me, there lurks another—
an altered ego whose feet touch mine.
I am offered nothing, but cannot
decline.

Anticipation is enhanced imperceptibly.
Then a smile given is not
returned.

The me-shaped pool of darkness shimmers infinitely
deep.

And its fullness leaves me empty.

Between the sun and the shadow,
there is only solitary self.

Lipstick

by Shana Campbell

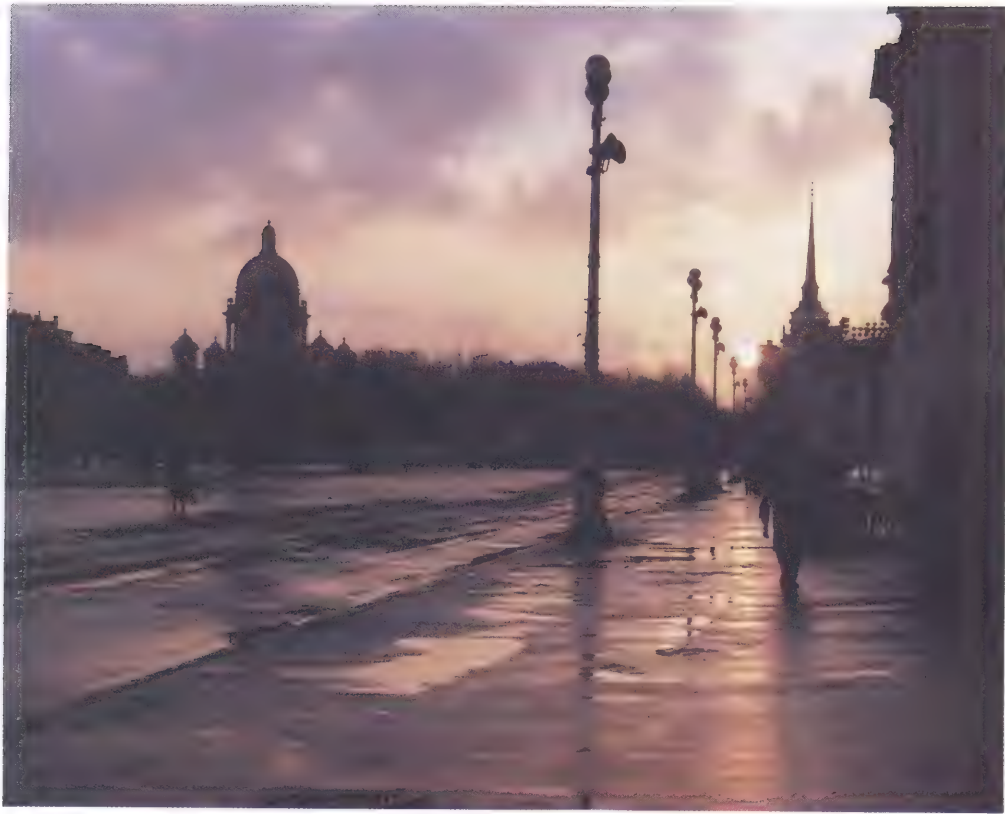
Little, I watched you.
Wishing that I could too
Smooth on that blood shine,
Crisply smack my lips.

I tried as you slept
With *Discovering Intimacy* spread across your chest.
My four year old fingers missed the lines
And spread red from cheek to nose.

Who knows why it's so pretty—
This thick castor oil of a whore.
Yet, you wore it doll-dainty.
Nothing more.

For unconcealed concealment was low class.
Like white heels after Labor Day—
Or pumping gas—
Or telling the truth.

Well. Here I am thinking that
I've progressed from gloss to matte.
My selfless kiss of love redeems my silent smile.
I tell myself.
Yet, in the mirror, I see you,
Powder pressed and lipstuck.



Leningrad
Kristen Carter



Tintern Abbey
J. Scott Finn



Untitled
10.5"x13" color intaglio print
Michelle Stagg



Woman in Chains
30"x22" acrylic on velvet
Karen Parr



When the Bough Breaks
16"x9.5" color intaglio print
Allison V. Farrar



The Human Condition

by Marvin Sexton

Mrs. McNeal weighed three hundred pounds without her legs, which had been amputated because of gangrene. It took six of us just to move her.

So when Dialysis called and said that Mrs. McNeal was ready to be put back in her bed, I cursed with the other transporters.

"Shit," said Cedric. "I wish they would quit prolonging the inevitable and let her go. No human should live like that."

Now we are surrounding Mrs. McNeal. She lies in the reclining Dialysis chair. We go about our work noisily, talking amongst ourselves and moving furniture in order to slide the chair next to her bed. Everyone assumes that Mrs. McNeal is senile like most Dialysis patients. None of us had ever heard her speak.

We shove the chair next to the bed and surround Mrs. McNeal.

"Can you guys find the draw sheet?" I ask.

"No," says Cedric, "it's somewhere under this fat. This could take days."

"Thank God for latex," adds Blair.

Failing kidneys had poisoned Mrs. McNeal's voluminous flesh, leaving a rotten mass that felt like a half-filled water balloon. As I move flesh and probe with my hands, I resent the fact that a human could be in such condition. Her skin is scaly and flaking, indicating the terminal stages of kidney failure. Even though Mrs. McNeal was black, she is now a splotchy mix of orange and yellow. As I continue to probe, my hand hits a soft spot—her skin caves in like a brown paper bag. I quickly retract my hand.

"This is gross," I say. "Watch out for a soft spot near her butt."

Cedric looks skeptically at the rolling flesh. "If you can find her butt, then you've got a better imagination than me."

Everyone laughs at Mrs. McNeal.

Blair finds a piece of the cloth and begins to yank it clear. Then we all yank, so that Mrs. McNeal's flesh is jiggling from the violence. Finally, both sides are holding the sheet.

"On three," I say. "One. Two. Three."

Everyone heaves and Mrs. McNeal comes out of the chair. We guide her up and over onto the bed, with something of a crash landing as people scurry to clear their arms and legs from the descending three hundred pounds of rotten flesh. Then we leave the room, Mrs. McNeal already forgotten.

But Maria, with her stunning green eyes and long legs, stops all six of us. "Will someone help me change her sheets?" she asks.

The transporters look at me because they all know I am madly infatuated with Maria. She looks at me, and all I can do is nod. She has a truly fine body.

When we walk into the room, Mrs. McNeal is

crying. The tears stream from her round eyes, which the poison in her body had turned from brown to green.

"What's wrong?" asks Maria, her voice full of caring and sympathy.

"Nothing," says Mrs. McNeal. "Just me, that's all." Tears really speed down her face when she sees me.

Now Maria looks at me, and her face turns cold. "How did she get in this condition?"

The world seems to tilt under the weight of Mrs. McNeal and her tears. "I put her there," I say.

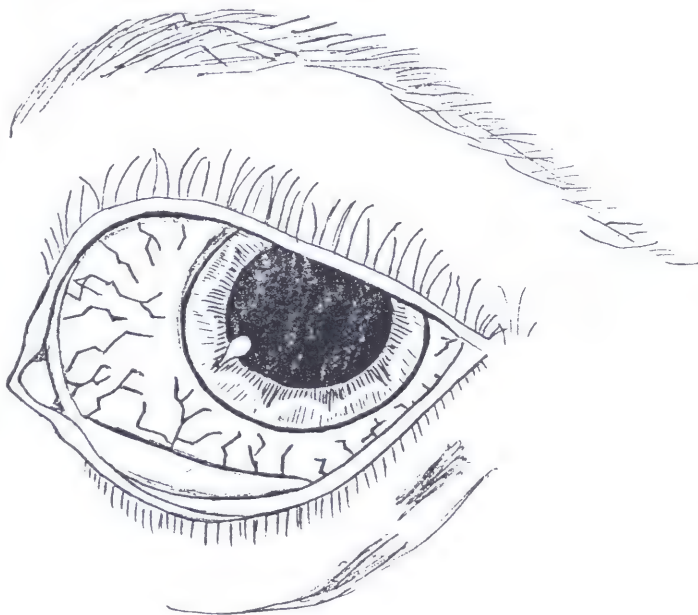


ILLUSTRATION BY WYNNE JOHNSON

Opposite Page:

Michael's Man

22"x28" acrylic and latex on canvas

Shawna Scarpitti







Indian
7"x10" pencil drawing
Sonya Stucki

Opposite Page:
Burning Black Sun
19"x7" lithograph
Shawna Scarpitti

BUNGEE!

Compiled by the Circle Staff



Jumping off this crane is like jumping from Haley Center

For years, people have searched for the ultimate rush, the kind of experience that pumps the adrenaline. Five years ago, Peter Cockland brought bungee jumping to the United States from New Zealand. Considered a sport by some and recreation by others, bungee jumping has become a leading fad.

The *Circle* staff road-tripped to the Oak Mountain Amphitheater outside of Birmingham to experience this free-fall fascination firsthand.

Bungee jumping has taken many forms: from cranes over land and water, into airbags, from bridges and out of balloons. Those who have jumped say there's nothing else quite like it.

After Birmingham resident Scott Beshea's 120-foot jump, he said, "Oh man. Definitely exhilarating. You can't explain the free-fall. It's a major adrenaline rush.

"The first time you're up there, you think, 'Wow!' That's a long way down. But then once you're off the platform, the thought of not stopping doesn't even cross your mind. The feeling is too cool."

Richard Randolph, an Auburn alumnus, owns and operates Bungee U.S.A. "Jumping off this crane is like jumping from Haley Center," he said calmly.

Why do people jump? Randolph said, "Lack of thrills, maybe. Hell, why not!"

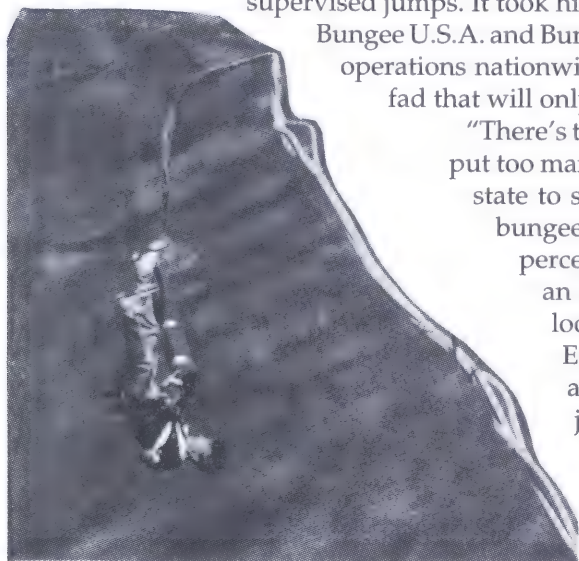
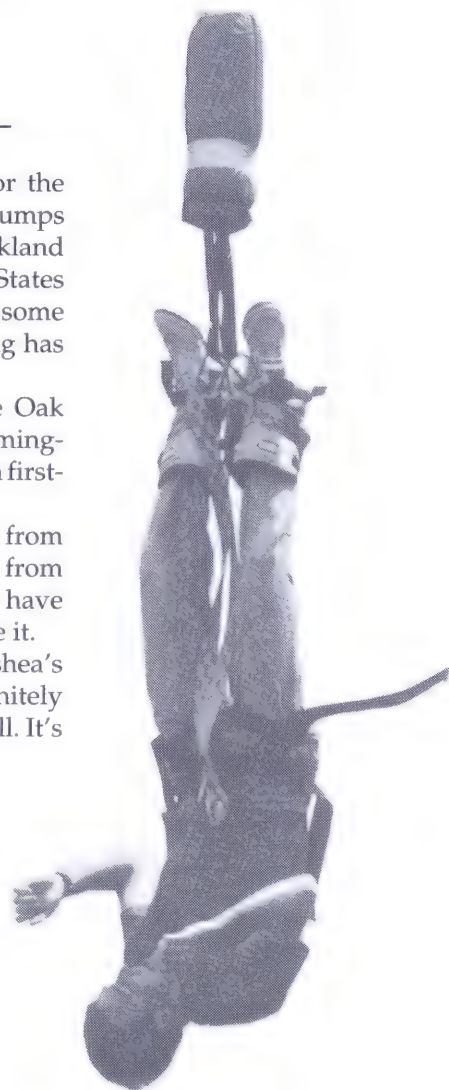
Bungee Masters is another bungee operation owned by Ford Bohannon, also an Auburn alumnus. To operate his own site, Ford was required to execute 500 supervised jumps. It took him more than nine months.

Bungee U.S.A. and Bungee Masters are two of 50 commercial bungee operations nationwide. Randolph says that bungee-jumping is a fad that will only last a year.

"There's too much competition, and soon the states will put too many restrictions down." Regulations vary from state to state. Alabama does not require an airbag at bungee sites. Ford says that an airbag only gives the perception of safety. "From that height, falling into an airbag is like a needle going through a balloon."

Each cord that suspends the jumper can hold about 4,500 pounds. "You could have a car jump off without it breaking," said Randolph.

The jumper is given either a mountain climber's waist harness or a tailored ankle harness before jumping. The different harnesses create different jumps.



Circle photographer Clint Clark jumped with both harness types and said he preferred the ankle harness. "You can dive, and the bounce doesn't jerk you as bad." Bohannon said that the waist harness allows a jumper more movement to do flips from the platform.

"There's been over a million jumps in three years," said Randolph. "So far, only one death has been attributed to bungee, and it was an owner/operator of a balloon. He didn't hook on his waist harness before he jumped."

Linda Loudermilk works with Randolph and Bohannon. Loudermilk related a bad jump experience.

"No one has ever puked, but one guy peed. It was 3 a.m. at a State Fair. We didn't know it, but he had consumed about 36 beers that night."

The crew tries to be careful about people that are intoxicated. "It doesn't look good. There are a lot of perceived dangers," she says.

Randolph and Bohannon don't enforce an age restriction, but discourage jumpers to be less than 18.

Randolph said, "This poor kid in Kentucky was so petrified once he got up there that when he got ready to jump his legs convulsed, and he slammed into the cage. All I could see was ten little fingers grasping the side.

"That's why we keep a cattle prod in the basket," he joked.

People from all walks of life are jumping. "There are such broad demographics. Last week, a 67-year-old real estate agent jumped," Randolph said.

Jeannie Lindsay, box-office manager for the Oakwood Amphitheater, said, "There are as many women as men jumping, and as many old as young."

Everyone wants to know why bungee is so expensive. (Bungee Masters and Bungee U.S.A. charge \$60 for one jump and \$75 for two ankle jumps. The ankle harness costs more because it is custom-made.)

Most of the cost covers overhead, including insurance and crane rental. "In order to operate a site, you have to be insured for \$3 million," Randolph says.

Other expenses include a \$5,000 licensing fee, a \$1,000 quarterly inspection fee, engineering certificates, and other permits. Randolph and Bohannon are required to provide training to staff and to ensure the safety of jumpers. "Any violation of these standards, and

they can shut us down," Randolph says.

Staff photographer Clint Clark said, "Bungee jumping is better than getting drunk, better than a roller-coaster...but it's not better than sex."



For information about
up and coming sites,
call 1-800-GO-BUNGEE
or (404) 266-9042.



Without a Word

by Brenda T. Peters

On the plane all I could think about was how I promised Ibie that I would never leave her, no matter what. I made this promise one night when Ibie awakened from a nightmare. She was trembling with fear when she told me about the nightmare. She said, "Mommy, I dreamt you went away and never came back to me; Daddy said you will never come back." I pacified her by swearing I would never leave her for anything in the world. Ibie was only three years old at the time. She was so intelligent and articulate for such a young age. I often felt she had the gift for sensing when something was not right— even if everything appeared to be fine. In our house this seemed just the case, because we never argued. Anyone off the streets would have thought we were the perfect family.

My plane arrived in Lagos, Nigeria, about 3:00 p.m. on a Thursday afternoon. Despite the fact that I had been married to Ladan for 15 years, I had never traveled to Nigeria before today. I did not know much about the country, only what I had read and seen on television, and of course the stories that Ladan told me. We had often discussed coming to Nigeria for a visit and later moving here after we'd saved enough money. On one occasion we even set a date to come, but Ladan had an emergency that he needed to use the money for and we had to cancel our plans. We planned several other trips after that, but for some reason or another we never got here. Now I realized that Ladan never had any intentions of bringing me to his country. For all those years I had been such a fool. I believed every word he told me. I heard a lot of horrible stories about American women who married Nigerian men. I always thought they were just stereotypical dramas from a few women who had married the wrong guy. I can still hear myself saying,

"My Ladan could never be capable of any of those things—especially the story I heard about the guy who left with the children and moved back to Nigeria." Two years had passed and I still had trouble believing Ladan could just take our daughter and leave.

The airport was crowded and full of chaos. People were rushing around, pushing, shouting in many languages that I had never even heard before. One man dressed in traditional Nigerian attire kept screaming,

*People were
rushing around,
pushing, shout-
ing in many
languages . . .*



"A coup de main— a coup de main!" I could not understand him clearly, so I asked a lady sitting on a bench in the waiting area, "What is that guy shouting about?" The look on her face told me she'd been waiting a long time. Her eyes were as red as two ripened tomatoes. The hair on her head had been pushed to one side, and it was packed into her scalp. She looked up at me with an expression of total disgust and stared directly into my eyes. She replied in a husky Nigerian accent, "Don't you know, lady, there been a coup de main in the middle of the night. Don't you know?" A coup on the government had taken place a few nights ago. Ladan had often spoken of the turmoil in his country, and this was something that was not uncommon. This was one of the reasons for not bringing me here. I cautiously remarked to the lady about how tired she appeared. She replied abruptly, "Say, lady, you will be

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAREN SCARBOROUGH



tired, too, if you sit on a damn wood bench for two days. This damn new government closed the airport. They only allow planes to land; I sit here, and I wait, and I say maybe I get to London tomorrow, yes." After her reply, I hated myself for making such a stupid comment. I followed the flow of traffic until I saw a sign that read, "ALL INCOMING PASSENGERS PLEASE GET INTO THIS LINE." Everyone coming into the country had to be scrutinized.

I became nervous as I got closer to the army guard that was searching the incoming passengers. My stomach felt like it would explode. My hands began to shake. All kinds of things raced through my mind. Once I reached him, I handed him my passport, and my hand was trembling so uncontrollably I had to prop it up against my bag which was hanging from my shoulder. He looked at the picture and then looked up at me. He stared at the passport again. He asked, "Why do you have an American passport and a Nigerian name?" I told him, "My husband is Nigerian; he and my daughter moved here two years ago." He nodded his head and gave me back my passport.

People were trying desperately to leave the country, but security was very tight. I figured maybe the other government leaders were trying to escape; perhaps this is why they closed the airport.

Everything seemed so fast and quick my head began to ache. I thought, "My God, can a poor little country girl like me, from Alabama, find my baby in all this confusion?" I did not have a clue what to do first. I had only been abroad once in my entire life, and that was across the border to Tijuana, Mexico. I really didn't think it actually counted because we walked from San Diego, California, and didn't even need a passport. I was trying frantically to compose myself so that I could think of what to do next. I remembered reading somewhere about exchanging currency in foreign countries. The article I read cautioned people against exchanging too much money in the airport. It read, "Only exchange enough money for taxis, tips, train fares, etc., while at the airport, because you can find better rates elsewhere."

*Ladan had left
me penniless. All
our credit cards
were over the
limit.*

I went to the currency desk and exchanged a small amount of money. It had taken me two years to save enough money to come to Nigeria. I had brought my entire savings. I did not know how long it would take me to find them, and I wanted to have enough money to hire someone to help me if I had to. I also had two return tickets to the United States.

Ladan had left me penniless. All our credit cards were over the limit. I was once told since my name was on the accounts that I was equally responsible. I had no choice but to file for bankruptcy. After filing for bankruptcy, it was impossible for me to get a loan or a credit card. There I was—broke. I had no family to whom I could even turn. I had nothing. I went into a deep depression for two months. All I did was stay in bed. Finally, I brought myself out of the depression. I remembered my mama before she died. She told me, "Black women don't let nothin' break them.

'Cause we's strong as mules, and you always remember that, gal, and won't nothin' git you down."

I returned to work, and luckily I had a compassionate boss. I explained to her what had happened. I could recall her remarks very vividly. She said, "Girl, I knew you couldn't trust no man from another country, especially one from Nigeria. I told you about what happened to Sherry; she married a Nigerian. He did her the same way Ladan did you, left her cold! Now you have got to get your act together, and you put this all behind you. You must be strong, just put this all in the Lord's hands, and that bastard will get his." I told her of my intentions to find my daughter, even if it took a lifetime. She asked me, "Girl, do you know anything about Nigeria? I thought you told me you've never been before. Besides, you just said the man left you holding the bag; so how are you going to afford it?" After telling her the entire story, including the most intimate part, I was so choked up. I felt like a complete imbecile. The tears were uncontrollable; they rolled down my face like a waterfall. The only words I could muster were, "Where there is will." Her final word was, "Honey, I will do what I can." She helped me get my finances back in order and save some money. It took two years, but I managed it. Now there I was in Nigeria without a clue of where to begin my search for my daughter.



I walked outside the airport with my two bags, one in each hand. I packed very lightly, mostly underwear. The weather was hot but not humid, unlike the weather in Alabama, where it was always hot and humid during the summer months. This country didn't look anything like America. The sky was so blue and clear that I declare I saw the reflection of my face when I looked up. As I stood there, for one brief moment I had the strangest feeling that this was home for me. I felt I had finally found someplace where I truly belonged. In reality, my objective was to find my daughter and get the hell out of this country.

The outside was even more crowded and chaotic than the inside—people running around, screaming and shouting at each other. The majority of the people wore traditional clothing. Merchants were on the opposite side of the street selling clothes and food. People were pushing each other off the curb trying to get a taxi. I was timid about stepping up to the curb. Just as I collected enough nerve to step up to the curb, a taxi pulled up to me. I quickly got into the back-seat. The taxi driver's body reeked of such a pungent odor, I immediately grabbed the knob for the window to open it. I stopped midway when I noticed him glancing back. He muttered, in a strange almost Jamaican accent, "Where you like to go, ma'am?" I just sat there without a word. He repeated himself, "Hey, ma'am, where you like to go?" Still I said nothing. The truth was I did not know where to go. Finally the taxi driver said, "Are you feeling okay? Maybe you don't speak no English. What tribe you be? Yoruba, Hausa, Kalibari? Those are the only languages I know." I told him nervously, "Take me to a nice hotel, preferably American." He said, "The Sheraton is down the street." "Fine," I replied. After arriving in front of the hotel, I got out of the taxi, collected my two bags and gave him 50 nairas and said keep the change.

I got a room and proceeded to it, when I bumped into a gentleman. I looked up and could not believe my eyes. It was Uche. Uche was Ladan's closest friend in the United States. I got along with him too. He always appeared to be such a kind and warm individual. He looked at me with dumb fondness.

"My God. Am I dreaming? Is it really you, Mrs. Jirbulu? Lea Jirbulu, it is you."

"Yes, Uche, it is me. My prayers have been answered." I asked him to accompany me to my room because I had a lot to discuss with him. Uche looked at me and said, "I am quite aware of what you would like to discuss with me."

Once we entered the room, he openly admitted to me that he knew all about what had happened. "I do apologize for Ladan's behavior. But you must believe he did love you, and he still does."

I said to him, "Then you must know where he is."

"Yes, I do. I just left home as a matter of fact. I went to say good-bye before I left for London. Due to the coup no planes are leaving the country, so I came here to spend the night with hopes that things will be back to normal tomorrow morning."

"Uche, you must tell me where he lives; he took my baby. I just want my baby back," I pleaded.

Uche looked at me with eyes of pity. He opened his mouth: "First let me explain for Ladan. It is not his fault entirely. He did not want to leave you like that. He was being pressured by our crooked government. They kidnapped his father and refused to release him until his son returned to Nigeria with fifty million American dollars of ransom money."

"Do you really expect me to believe this bullshit?" I interrupted him and asked. "Where in the hell would Ladan get fifty million dollars?"

"Lea, at one time Ladan's father was the richest man in Nigeria. He owned many oil wells before the government seized them all. Ladan's

father laundered most of the money into the United States and the rest to England. I warned Ladan to tell you the truth many times. He said he couldn't tell you. He was afraid of how you would react, since you come from such a humble background."

All of this was too much for me—I could not believe my ears. I just sat there staring. Uche rose to his feet. "I can see that you are in shock. I must go now, and I will contact Ladan and tell him of your arrival. He will be shocked as well." I couldn't even mumble a reply; I just watched him leave.

My solitude was broken by a ring from the telephone. I answered it, "Hello."

"Lea, Lea, is it really you?" It was Ladan on the phone. I didn't know what to say to him. My first instinct was to shout, *How could you!* But I couldn't say anything; again I went into total shock.

"Answer me, is it really you? I am sorry, Lea. I can't begin to explain."

After a few minutes had passed, I managed to ask: "How could you leave and take my baby?"

"I had to take Ibie. I knew you would follow me if I did."

"Ladan, I can't understand why you would want me to follow you, because you had the opportunity to plan for the entire family to move here." Then I said to him: "Please don't try to explain! There is no need. I



simply want Ibie.” Ladan told me he would bring Ibie to my hotel room within an hour.

After about three hours, there was a loud knock on the door— I thought out loud, “This has to be Ladan.” Instead, it was two men dressed in black suits. They were both very tall and very dark. One of them was somewhat handsome in an exotic way. His face was very lean with high cheekbones; he had a long nose with a slight flare at the nostrils. “Who are you?” They did not answer my question. They ordered me to follow them. I did not move. Then they told me, “We are here to take you to your family.” I was reluctant to follow them. Slowly I picked up my jacket from the bed. I turned and said, “Where is Ladan? Did he send you?” They did not answer.

The two men brought me to a large house that was surrounded by small shacks. The house looked new. The exterior window and doors were of a Palladian design. We stepped into the atrium. A little girl with two long

ponytails hanging on each side of her head came running out. I could not give credence to my eyes. She was so beautiful. She had grown, but her facial features were exactly the same. Her entire face lit up when she smiled. The dimples on her cheeks were so deep you could bury two big plums in them. I walked up to her and kissed her on the cheeks. She pulled away; “Who are you? Are you a friend of my daddy’s?” Just as I was about to speak, Ladan walked up. He told her, “This is your mother, and she has come home to stay.”

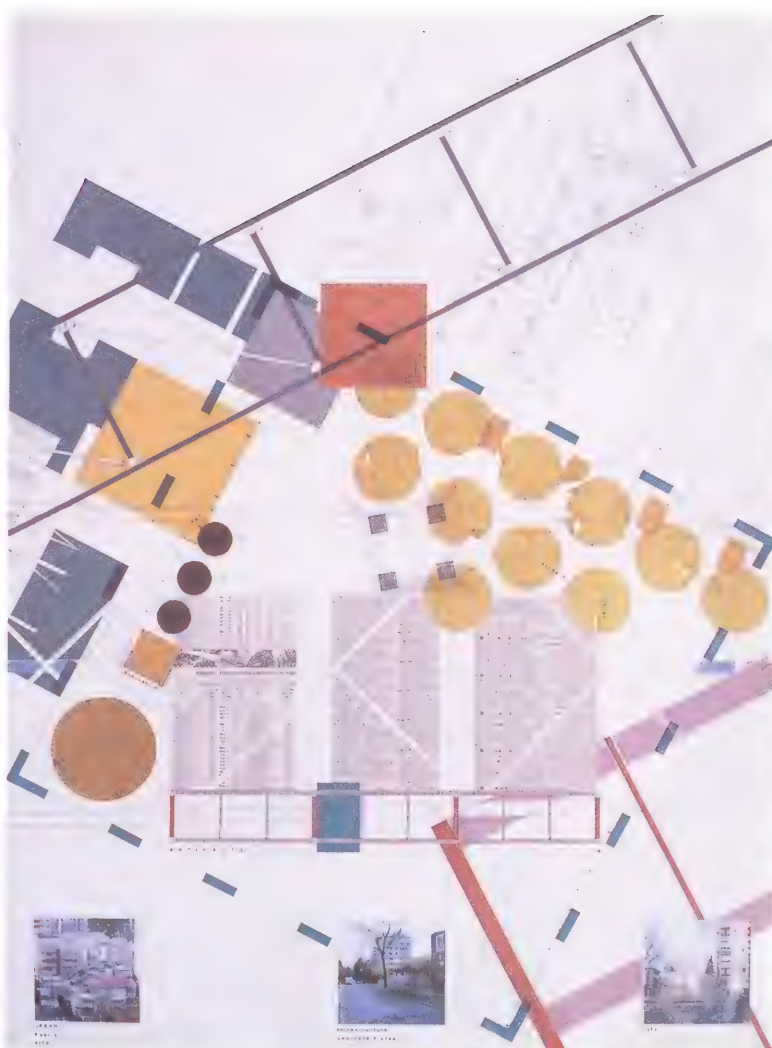
Two days passed, during which time I allowed Ladan to explain to me why he left. I even told him I had forgiven him. Ibie and I had some special moments together during those two days. She was so curious. She insisted on knowing why I did not join them until now. Instead of lying to her, I told her the truth. I pleaded that she not tell her father what I had told her. She promised me that she would not and gave me a big I-love-you hug. Ladan walked into the room,

and I told him that I wanted to go back to the hotel and collect my things and that I was going to take Ibie with me so that she could get to know me again. He insisted that one of his drivers take us. I finally convinced him that I wanted to drive so that I could get familiar with the area. My sense of direction was so poor. I prayed to God not to let me get lost. Luckily, most of the roads were one-way. I found the airport with little problem. The airport had just opened that morning, so it was swamped with people. Ibie and I had to wait in line for what seemed like forever. I began to get nervous because it was taking so long. My heart was racing with the clock. Ibie did not say a word. I wondered why she was so quiet. But I didn’t question her. On the plane I let out a sigh of relief.

Ibie turned to me, looked me directly in the eyes and said, “Mommy, why did we leave Daddy without saying good-bye?”



African Children of War Visiting Toledo, Spain
Jessica Jones



Anachronism: Superimposition of Past and Present

22"x30" mixed media on watercolor boards

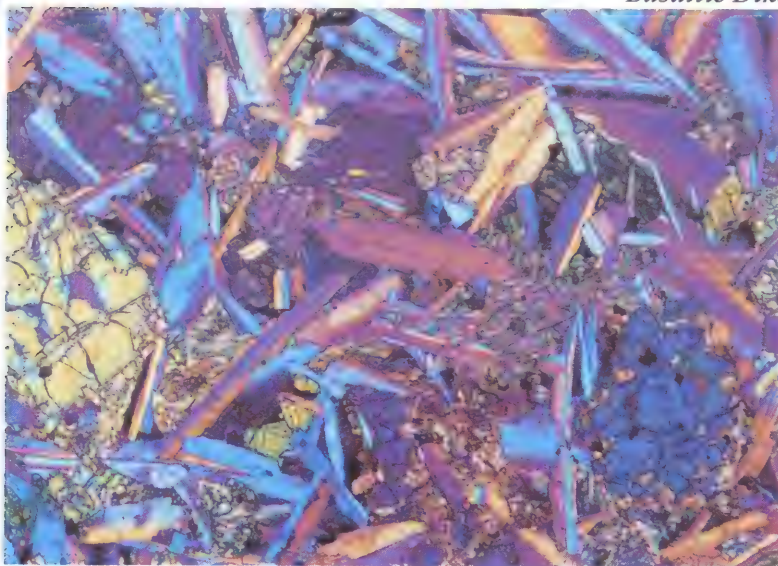
Christopher S. Engel

Kevin P. Singleton

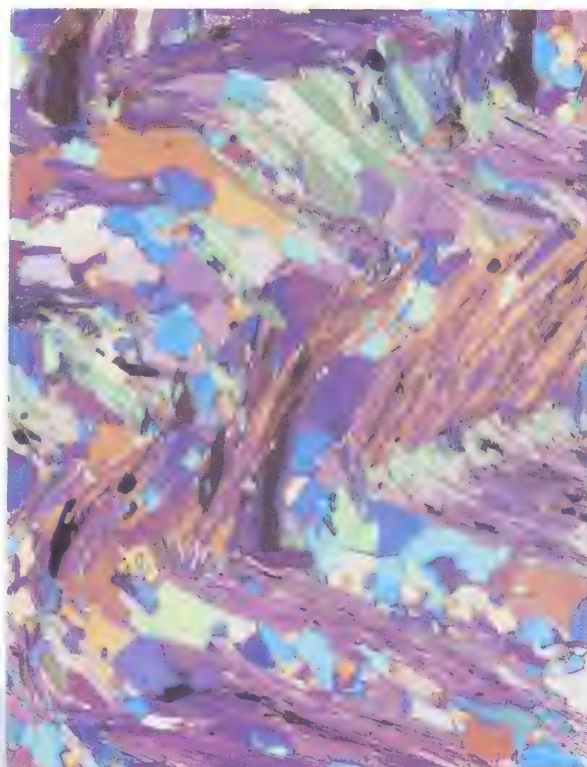


Geologists make thin sections by mounting a small piece of rock on a glass plate and grinding it to a thickness of 0.03mm so that light will pass through the section. Geologists can analyze the mineral composition of a sample by viewing a thin section under a microscope; the arrangement of minerals is indicated by the color patterns in the section. Mineral analysis allows geologists to gather information about the sample, including its type and formation. — *Courtesy of Jonathan Grimes, Geology Department Teaching Assistant.*

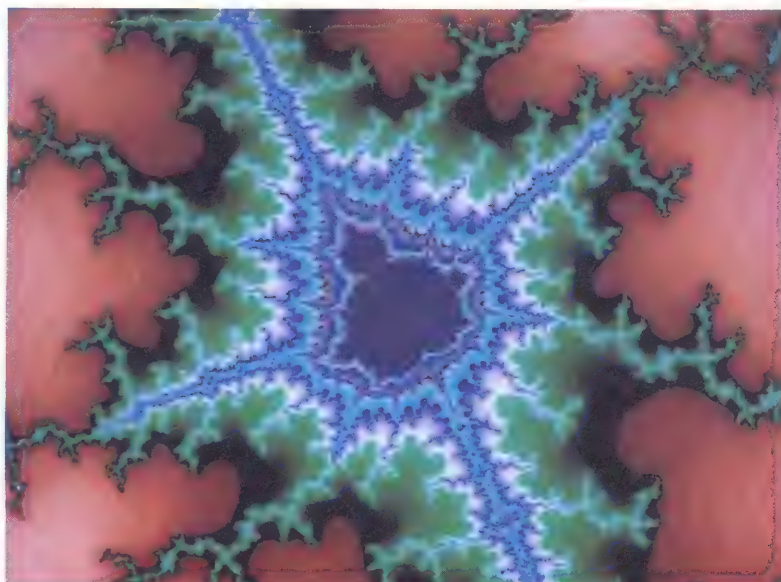
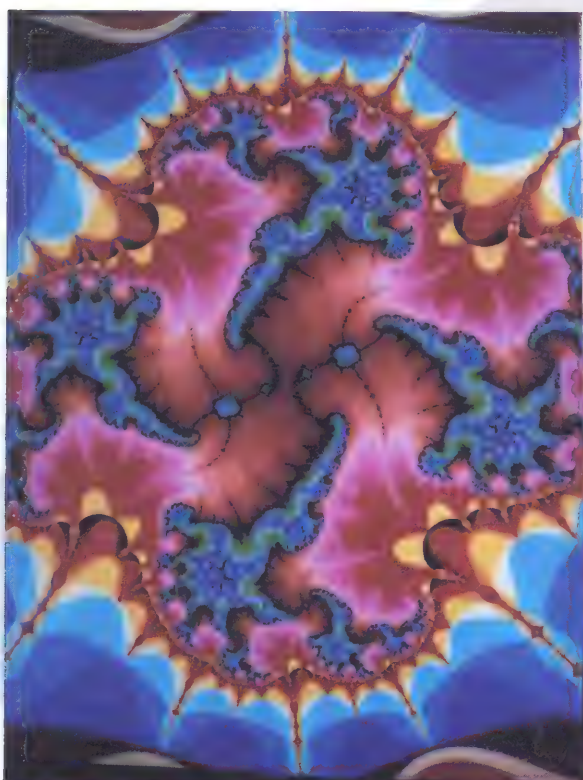
Basaltic Dike



Crenulated Schist



"It's math. It's nature," said Rick Wesson about his fractals. "It is the mathematics of nature." Each fractal is a mathematical equation created on Wesson's IBM 386. Some are black and white; some are color. They are all interesting and relevant to art as well as math and computers. Fractals can be found in Auburn at Behind the Glass and Etc.



Broken Reach

by Ginny Sawyer

The fingers of the earth stretch upward,
dark trunks, almost coal,
wanting to soothe the oppressive, grey sky.

Three grimace through dark stubble, a five
o'clock shadow; two others, cowering,
whisper spring

amidst pale, green whiskers.
Trunks interspersed with poles, parallel,
perfectly rounded with blatant, backward

roots. Busy voices loosen the grasp
of hand and sky, reducing branches
into twigs,

stringing their wire cord: suffocation.
The drained sky, once resolved yet alive,
freezes now, ashen.

A hand, with fingers shaved
evenly, whimpers under man's babble,
saddened with disconnection.



Untitled
Ruth Saunders

adulterate simile

by Mark Rollins

a vision:
life as a river, linear,
bound by platitude from trickle to torrent.
idols placed along the banks,
serving as guidepost and monument;
religion, love, family . . .
receiving compulsory worship.
omniscient gods causing the waters to flow—
one direction,
through the well-charted channel,
to the delta and death.
the dream is a lie.
the metaphor . . .
the sea,
unchanneled, enveloping,
the idols unmade.
human gods drown.
all waters unknown.

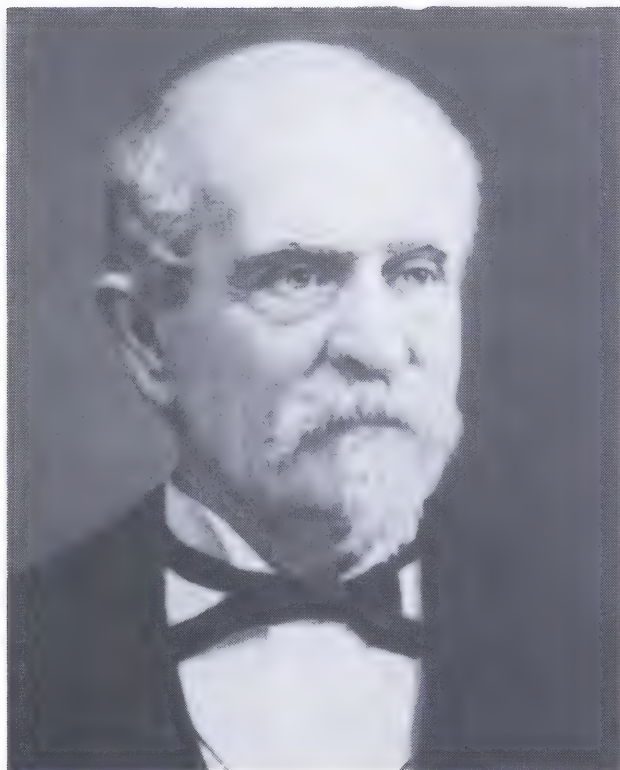


The original Auburn Female Institute also housed a school for local children.

—All photos courtesy of University Archives

ONE CENTURY

A Vision Unchanged
by Jennifer Tribble



William Leroy Broun, the fourth president of Auburn University, 1884-1902.

Auburn has been, and it is hoped always will be a town of major interest, a college center where men, women and children speak the same language of devotion to the interests of its great institutions and the welfare of its students.
Mollie Hollifield, a 1902 graduate and local historian

Change is a term that seems to best describe the many events that took place at Auburn this year. If we look back at Auburn's history, it is evident that Change has always played a role in shaping the University. This year, Change overcame apathy and exposed everyone's interest in Auburn's progress as a major university.

This year marks the 100th anniversary of women, football and the College of Veterinary Medicine at Auburn. When we consider the impact of these developments, we better understand the reasons for celebrating. Imagine what Auburn must have been like in 1890 — before electricity, before running water, before cars, before telephones, and before co-education, football and the Vet School. Equally interesting were the of people who helped to visualize this time period. Many thanks to Ann B. Pearson, Annie Foster, Jack Simms, Mickey Logue, Bev Powers, David Housel and Kaye Lovvorn. Their contributions to the research of Auburn history were invaluable.

Co-education is not recommended. But in a limited way, it is deemed advisable to recommend the privilege to be given to young women, who may be qualified, to enjoy the advantages of the institution here presented.

— Auburn University Board of Trustees, Minutes from the June 13, 1892 meeting

The first women, Kate Conway Broun, Willie Gertrude Little and Margaret Kate Teague entered Alabama A&M (the name did not change to Alabama Polytechnic Institute until 1899) with 243 male cadets. According to Mollie Hollifield, these women “will always occupy a place of their own in the history of educational progress in Alabama.” Alabama A&M was the first institute in the Southeast to admit women.

Although female students were not charged tuition, certain other conditions were imposed. Women lived in the homes of “respectable” families and were on campus only during their classes.

In 1901, *The Chrysalis*, an independent yearbook published by non-fraternity men of the senior class, wrote: “The young women have demonstrated an ample ability to master the most difficult subjects of the curriculum and easily take rank among first in their classes.” After graduation, Broun and Teague continued in post-graduate courses, and Little worked as an assistant teacher at the Auburn Public School.

Before the official organization of Auburn football, baseball and “Kickball” (a form of soccer) were favorite student body pastimes. Dr. George Petrie brought football to Auburn. He was the first coach and an occasional player, too. Games were played on a dirt field behind Samford Hall.

Other landmarks of the 1890s include the founding of the Auburn Alumni Association in 1893, the *Glomerata* in 1897

officer Dr. J. H. Drake Jr. passed an ordinance for everyone’s mandatory vaccination. Shots cost 10 cents.

In 1878, Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity secretly came to life at night in the field where Foy Union stands today. Later, the Toomer building, bought by the Toomers for \$7,000 in 1906, allowed fraternities to meet upstairs until the first fraternity house was erected by Lambda Chi Alpha in 1915.

Simms and Logue wrote: “Auburn students accumulated demerits in the 1890s for such violations of rules as unexcused absences from classes and military drills, failure to attend church, improper dress and long hair.

For several decades, cadets with excessive demerits walked penalty tours in front of the main building with rifles on their shoulders. One student facing this punishment explained to his visiting mother that he

couldn’t spend time with her, because he was guarding the college.”

Annie Foster has watched Auburn change. The 102-year-old Auburn resident has lived her entire life here. “When I was a kid, I remember the boys would have a bell rung to get them up. Then the bell would ring again to tell them to go to class. People all over could tell time by the bell. You could hear it for miles,” Foster said. From 1901-1929, Annie and

(Continued on next page.)

Headquarters Corps Cadets.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute Commencement, 1901.

Cadet Specialties. W. C. JACKSON, Auburn, Ala.

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ALL STUDENTS DESIRING FRESH

Candies, Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco,

Etc., will call on W. C. JACKSON, who has the only first-class stock of these articles in the city. He has the best Soda Fountain in the city and his delicious and refreshing drinks are not excelled. You will receive prompt and courteous treatment.
By Order of Chief of Subsistence Department.

W. C. JACKSON, - - - Proprietor.

Typical advertisement found in the earliest Glomerata..

and the *Orange & Blue (The Plainsman)* in 1894.

According to *Auburn: A Pictorial History of the Loveliest Village*, by journalism professors Jack Simms and Mickey Logue, about 1,440 people lived in Auburn in 1890. Bicycling, buggy trips, wagon rides, bidding dominoes and candy pulls occupied their leisure time. It cost \$50 to operate a cock fight, \$25 to bring a circus to town and \$10 for fortune tellers. In May of 1898, the town had fallen afoul with the smallpox, and health



A view of Toomer's Corner, circa 1851. Even then, this crossroad served as a center for Auburn life.

her husband Phillip owned a meat market/grocery store. Annie says that there were "almost as many colored business owners as white." According to Foster, change has been gradual, "but it's like a whole new world now."

Ann B. Pearson, an Auburn Native, is known for her columns on the history of Auburn. Her grandfather was President Duncan, and both she and her father taught at Auburn. She wrote a column on April 23, 1986 for *Opelika-Auburn News* titled, "Let's take a look at Auburn's 150 year history." She wrote, "Auburn has both profited and suffered from rapid progress . . . but some things remain the same: Toomer's Corner, Samford Tower, Pine Hill and Baptist Hill, those oldest burying grounds of the settlers of the community.

The backbone remains, the spirit remains, the dream remains of an educational center for East Alabama that has become a vision for the region."



The End of an Era

by Troy Teel

The 1890s found the United States rapidly changing as it moved toward a new century. Many heralded this period as a proud moment for America as it emerged as a "modern" nation. Technology, streamlining and standardization would lead to progress. Others doubted this notion of success, fearing a breakdown of values, ethics and tradition. Despite differences over the direction in which America headed, the countdown to the twentieth century had begun.

The safety valve of the Frontier had disappeared from the U.S. scene. The days of sleeping under the stars, riding mustangs bareback and rugged individualism were fading. Cities boomed during the 1890s, from Los Angeles to Tulsa to Boston. A little closer to home, Memphis, Birmingham and Houston grew considerably. The growth of cities

led to urban problems that still exist today. People lived too close to one another, and homelessness, hunger and crime were inevitable.

Americans were leaving the rural areas; but the cities' growth can also be attributed to massive immigration. Often, one family member would go ahead of his relatives and then send for them later. People came from all over Europe and increasingly from southern and eastern Europe.

New York had twice as many Irish as Dublin and as many Germans as Hamburg.

Industrial workers and farmers were not happy people during the 1890s. Two major strikes occurred that set the labor movement back nearly 40 years. The Homestead Strike in Pittsburgh left nine people dead, while the Pullman Strike in Illinois led to the arrest of the infamous Eugene V. Debs. He would later

*The days of
sleeping under
stars and riding
mustang bareback
were fading.*

Dr. John Hodges Drake III and his life-long friend, Ephraim Drake, pose here at the age of 73. Each was a patriarch of the two Drake families that have been friends for generations.



run for President on the Socialist ticket.

Farmers suffered from a commodities market where prices seemed to be a roller coaster ride. Declining prices led to organizations such as the Grange and the Farmer's Alliance, which culminated with the formation of the Populist party in 1891. Populism's major plank became silver currency, as the money shortage left farmers impoverished. William Jennings Bryan, running as a Democrat, took up their cause in the presidential election of 1896. His loss was the beginning of the end of Populism's power.

Big Business grew stronger in the 1890s, and the Carnegies, Morgans and Rockefellers saw quarterly investment returns swell their bank accounts. The business trends of this period would lead to the trust-busting policy of the Progressive Era that would never occur in the early 1900s. Insider trading, monopolies and industrial spying became a part of America's business world.

The U.S. began to hunger for global respect. An opportunity to pick on a weak Spain left the U.S. the victor of a four-month war in 1898. America added

Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines to its territories by winning the Spanish-American War. Imperialism had begun.

The diesel engine, the radio and the x-ray machine all were invented in the 1890s. These three inventions would prove to be extremely important to the way that Americans lived. Perhaps even more influential was an invention that would revolutionize U.S. culture. The zipper had burst on the clothing scene. Just think where we would be without

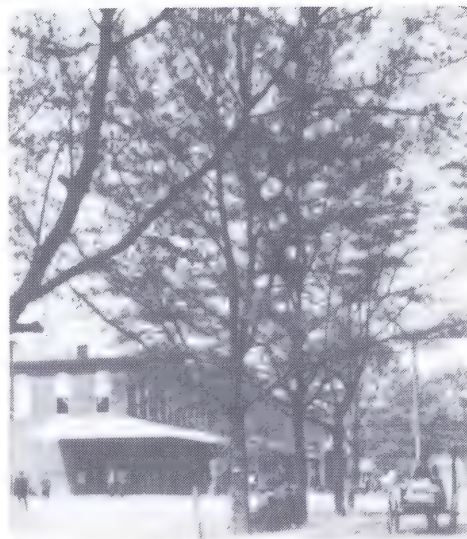
it!

Up in Springfield, Mass., Dr. James Naismith invented basketball. From a leather ball and an old peach basket, the game was born in 1891. I wonder if Dr. Naismith would believe the modern game of hoops, complete with

monster dunks and scantily clad dancers. Professional football began in 1894, with a game between Latrobe and Jennette. The players made a grand total of \$10 a game!

The U.S. was undergoing tremendous changes as the nineteenth century drew to a close. Some revelled in the progress, anticipating a powerful, industrial America for the twentieth century. The progress of the United States

*The days of
sleeping under
stars and riding
mustang bareback
were fading.*



View of downtown Auburn, circa 1890.

was actually a decline, said others. Some people saw a reversal of principles and practices that had made the nation great. Regardless of one's personal interpretation, one could not get away from the fact that America would be a different nation as it entered the 1900s.

If your curiosity has been aroused by this essay, I encourage you to consult the History Department, Room 7030, Haley Center.



Students posing in front of the first School of Veterinary Medicine, circa 1897.

Men In Blue Suits

by T. Franklin Harris, Jr.

Her head falls back, sending
flailing tresses over the pillow.
Curl up; pull the blanket over
your eyes; return to the womb.

The box keeps talking and
flashing its lights— lights,
but no illumination. Monkey-
men wearing ready-made nooses

and blue, backward strait
jackets babble onwards. Pull
the cover tight; grope for the
remote control; control here,

but nowhere else. Monkey-men
at the window, monkey-men behind
the door— they enter her private
space and strip all covers away.



Reflections
Mary Carroll Burns



Street Religion
Matthew McLean

Tobacco

by Jake Adam York

Old afternoons roasted
slowly, smelling of coffee.
Hours thickened with the aroma

as the sky darkened to a Colombian
brown. In the cafe, men
and women bent over

their papers— still lives
framed in oak panels
and dirty panes. Outside,

dusty men fumed
in the winter air, piping
the cold while the sky

ripened. I unwrapped the blanket
of Earl Grey and cinnamon
and fell into a wash

of February, into pungent
clouds of Sir Walter
Raleigh. In a window, the curve

of an Empire caught my eye,
and a young man, tripping
out of doors, brought

the odor of moldy, nineteenth-
century wool, of silverfish
gnawing the glue from the spines

of fading Testaments. I stopped
before the old tobacco-
skinned Indian, and amid

the heavy air of Havanas
and Tampa Nugget I found
the familiar Old Virginia

Cherry, recalling the brave
smell of my own dead
grandfather

Separate Pasts, Separate Symbols

by Dr. Wayne Flynt

Dr. Wayne Flynt is a University Professor, former head of Auburn University's History Department, and recipient of numerous teaching, writing, and academic awards.

When the Flynt family left for a mission trip to Spain, I did not expect to return with new insights into Alabama. After spending 10 days in the beautiful city of Oviedo in northern Spain building a second story on a Baptist mission, my wife and I and our son, then a senior at Samford University, returned to Madrid.

One of our first excursions after arriving in the Spanish capital was a Sunday afternoon visit to a street market.

With camera in hand I was prepared to photograph some typical Spanish street scenes. But I was totally unprepared for what I encountered at the first stall. There, attached to a pole and flapping in the breeze, was the battle flag of the Confederacy.

I raised my camera and preserved the moment for my Southern and Alabama history classes. But even as I adjusted the lens I pondered what this strange cultural symbol meant to all these surging crowds of people speaking a babble of languages.

Did the flag symbolize the universal quality of courage demonstrated by Southern soldiers who sacrificed their lives at Pickett's command on that hot July day at Gettysburg? Or did the flag symbolize states' rights, the right of self-determination of people forced into a union and held there against their will?

After all, Spain had fought a civil war between 1936 and 1939 that was even bloodier than America's conflict 80 years earlier. And the scars of that war remain, as does the bitter socialism of the Basque, Catalan and Austrian peoples, who have never reconciled themselves to the loss of their regional identity, languages, and folkways.

Or did that flag symbolize racism? Many Spanish people stereotype Gypsies with terms ("lazy," "shiftless," "immoral," "corrupt") commonly used among Southern whites toward African-Americans.

I suspect Spanish teenagers who brought those Confederate flags might have purchased them as symbols of all of the above. Others perhaps just liked the design and color combinations, and understood nothing of the historical or racial significance. Some purchasers, no doubt, had never even heard of the Southern Confederacy.

And so it is here in Alabama. As we celebrate the births of Robert E. Lee and Martin Luther King Jr., the Confederate flag flying over the Capitol means different things to different people.

For many white Alabamians that battle flag is a statement of pride in their ancestors who were willing to sacrifice lives and fortunes for a cause they held dear. The flag symbolizes

the courage of people who were outnumbered and out-manufactured and overwhelmed, but were never humiliated or cowardly.

The flag is a statement that, as a people, Southerners are different from other Americans and proud of it. We eat grits and talk slow, we had rather hunt and fish than work in a factory, we are neighborly, and we take care of our own. We are "Americans by birth and Southerners by the grace of God."

For others the flag is a symbol of hatred. Such people wear it like a swastika (and sometimes the symbols appear side by side on helmets and in K.K.K. or White Aryan Brotherhood rallies). For them the Stars and Bars means they don't like Jews, African-Americans, Japs, homosexuals,

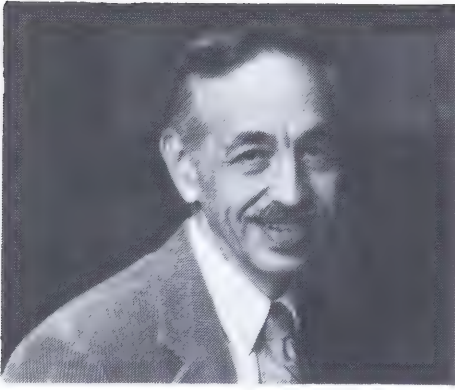
Oriental, Hispanics or people on welfare.

African-Americans often don't like the flag because of what it symbolizes. To them its historical identification is the preservation of slavery. And its modern identification is racism. Neither appeal very much to black Southerners.

During these days of growing racial polarization nationally, something wondrously positive is happening in the South. More blacks now identify themselves as "Southern" in Gallup poles than ever before, and they are positive about the use of that regional designation as are whites. But they have a different history in mind when they use the word, and they prefer different symbols.

The other day in Haley Center I saw a proud looking black

And so it is here in Alabama. As we celebrate the births of Robert E. Lee and Martin Luther King Jr., the Confederate flag flying over the Capitol means different things to different people.



student wearing a T-shirt with a profile of Malcolm X. What message did the T-shirt send to white Auburn students? Perhaps some believed the shirt identified their fellow War Eagle as an advocate of black power, as a racist who believed blacks were superior to whites. They may have interpreted the shirt to mean "hey leave me alone, whitey!" Other whites know so little black history that they have no idea who Malcolm X was.

Perhaps black students interpreted the shirt as a celebration of the rich history and diversity of the African-American experience in this wonderfully pluralistic nation.

I rather hope that the students, black and white, who take my courses graduate from Auburn with lots of ambiguity about symbols. Realizing that not all whites who treasure the Confederate battle flag are racist, I hope my African-American students will be patient as white Alabamians sort out all the conflicting meanings of their symbol. And realizing that African-Americans have as much right to pride in their past as Southerners do, I hope my white students will realize that not every black who decks himself with a Malcolm X T-shirt dislikes whites.

Being Southern these days is more complicated than it used to be. But being Southern is also a lot more inclusive. We need to draw the circle of the Southernness large enough to take in more of our separate symbols, all the while realizing that a past which makes one person Southern does not necessarily include us all.

This essay originally appeared in *The Birmingham News* March 1, 1992.

Taking Care of Animals

The Humane Society needs your help.

During one month, an average of 400 to 600 animals may find themselves at the Lee County Humane Society. The staff at the L.C.H.S. would like to stress the importance of responsible pet ownership.

"People don't seem to realize the importance of population control. During the Spring and Summer months, when animals go through their heat cycle, we get between three and five litters of puppies and kittens a day due to people not spaying or neutering their animals," said Angela Reed, a staff member at the shelter.

Mara Beebe, a senior majoring in Communications, said, "Having an animal is just like having a family. You need money, time and the right place to keep an animal."

For those students who are unable to have a pet, volunteering at the Humane Society can be beneficial to both the student and the shelter. The Lee



County Humane Society needs people to bathe dogs and cats and to spend time walking and caring for the animals.

The L.C.H.S. is located on U.S. 280 and is open Monday through Saturday from 10 to 5 p.m. The phone number is 821-3222



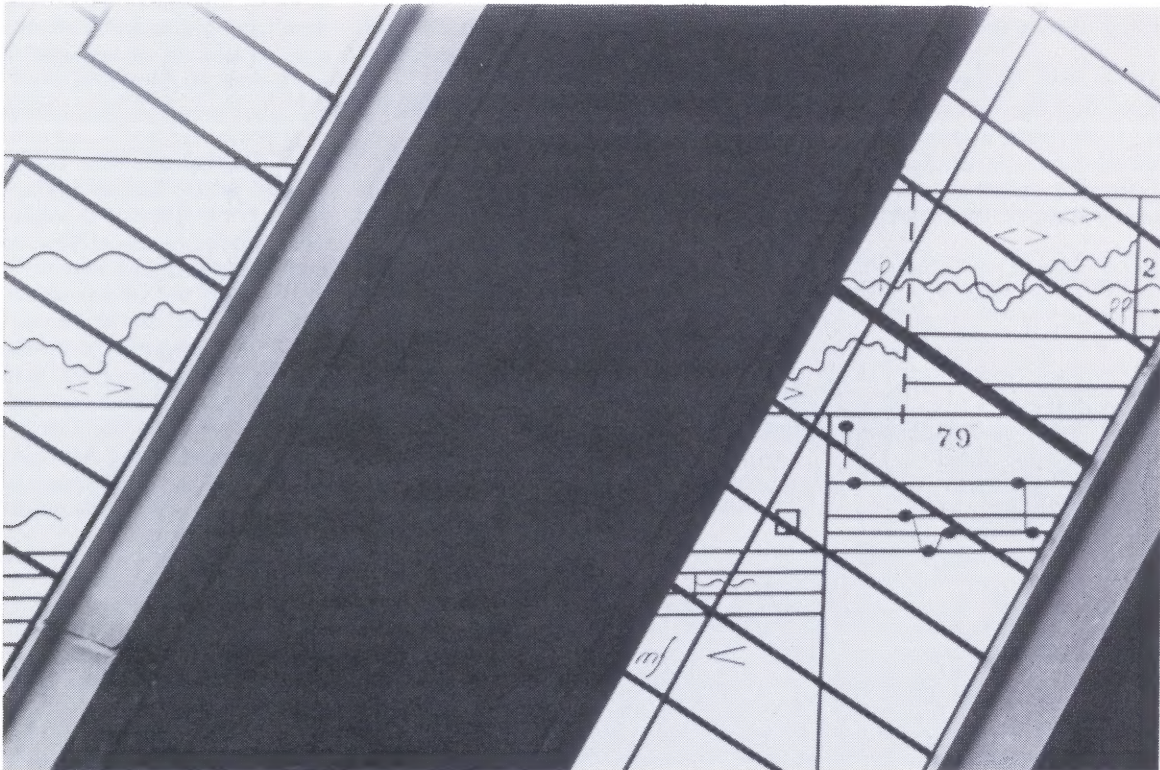


The Path
Infrared photograph
Tom Starling

Mechanical Ballet

by Roger A. Pritchett

With the activation of the alarm from the single emergency dispatch at the great hall, the engine house doors automatically open waiting the passage of the truck. The firemen, alerted anywhere on the grounds by the alarm, pass through doors which only swing out towards the engine room. Waiting in the engine room is each man's equipment neatly arranged and organized, each helmet and coat on its specific hook. Below each hook is a pair of boots, the pants rolled down with the waists even with the ankles so in one quick motion the boots are pulled up. The firemen run to their assigned trucks, and one by one as the trucks pass through the doors and onto the street the automatic doors begin to close. All of this is perceived as music, a mechanical ballet, illumined by the rays of sunshine passing through the large doors and between the trucks in which the firemen became actors within a rigid unfree movement following a preset script. In short it is amazing that something so rigid and efficient, based solely on the ideal of time, at a certain point becomes full of life: a living, breathing machine.



Stained Glass
Mary Carroll Burns

R E S P O N S E

CIRCULATION

Is the Auburn University Police Department fulfilling its goal to serve and protect the students and faculty of Auburn University?

"The question of whether the police need expensive, fully-equipped police cars comes to mind. At most, they could get by on golf carts and motorcycles. The patrol cars seem to be a waste of resources."

—Ferrol Blackmon, graduate student, Computer Science

"Auburn's paid patrol, whose sole purpose is to make money for the city by ticketing as many cars as possible? Please! Find a real job you macho, glory-riding hit squad."

—Jennifer Woods, sophomore, International Business

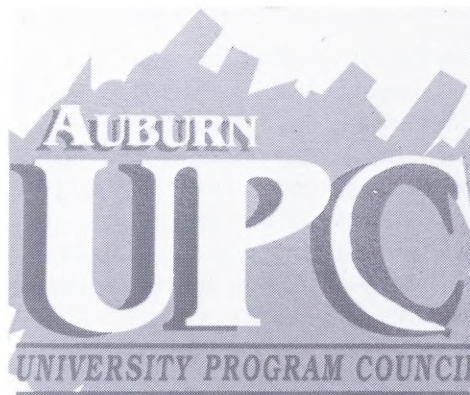
"From March 24 to 25, the AUPD protected the Auburn community by investigating hang-tag thefts, triggered alarm systems and an automobile accident. These types of investigations compose the majority of the police department's duties."

"Are they really necessary? The city police department could extend its jurisdiction by 10 blocks and encompass the campus."

—Mark A. C. Brown, junior, English

"The AUPD seems more concerned with 'serving and protecting' its own interests than those of Auburn students. Its funding is obviously disproportional to its function, as is shown by its flashy cars and public image."

—Nathan Boddie, junior, Zoology



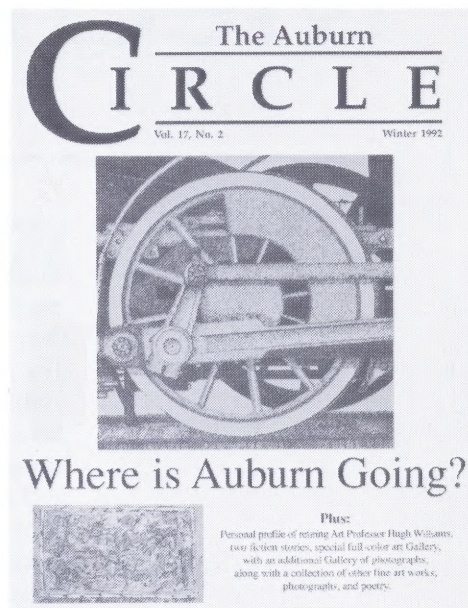
Is the UPC spending your money wisely? How could it improve?

"Keep in mind that the UPC must cater to the entire University's idea of entertainment. I think they are doing a pretty good job. One has only to look at a (UPC) calendar to see what's being done with our money. Granted, we can't all agree with each activity, but overall I think it must be said that they're doing a good job."

—John Durkin, freshman, Liberal Arts

"The UPC is doing a decent job. They set a wide range of events to suit most everyone's taste, from alternative to progressive."

—Jennifer Woods



How do you feel about the material in The Auburn Circle? What direction would you like to see the Circle take?

"I'd like to see more of a literary survey and less of the present human interest/magazine format. More pages should be devoted to student's creativity."

—John Durkin

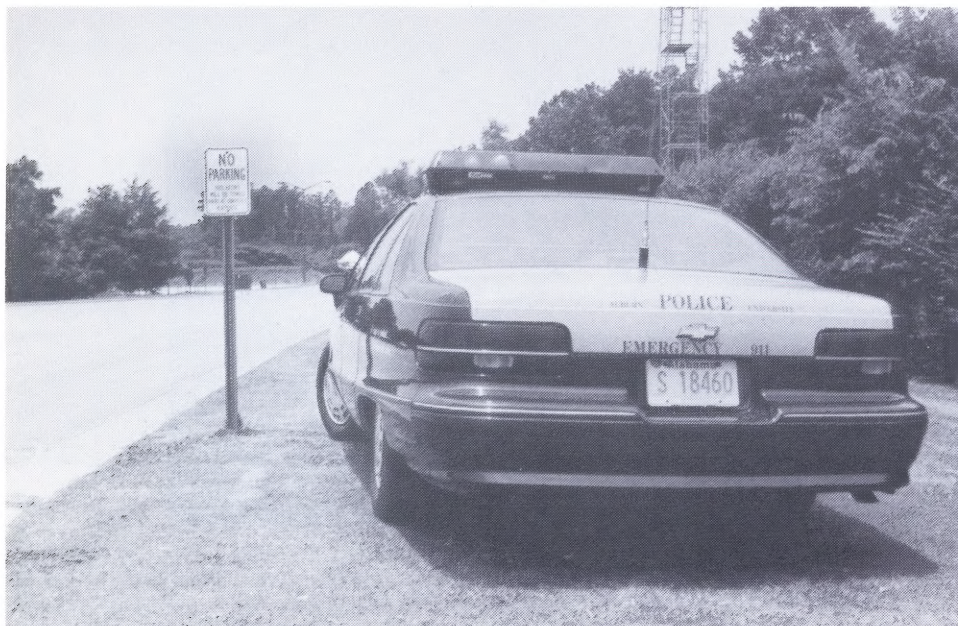
"The Auburn Circle is a home for free thought. Although I haven't read every Circle or every article published, I feel every student has right to show his or her creativity and express his or her opinions; The Circle gives them that opportunity."

—Jennifer Woods

"The Auburn Circle is a bastion for the type of intellectual and artistic pursuits in which our University is weak. This publication is the only method of expression open to many students who may not be Art or English majors but who wish to communicate their ideas with the students."

"Let's keep the Circle as an intellectual free from the pettiness and bias that is found in so much of what our university does. Perhaps through the Circle many of the touchy issues facing Auburn today can be addressed in an intellectual and philosophical manner without name-calling and antagonism."

—Nathan Boddie



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to the next.



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C The Auburn CIRCLE

The Auburn Circle, financed by advertising and student activity fees, serves as a forum for the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse audience by providing a variety of features and investigative journalism, short stories, poetry, art and photography. The *Circle* is published three times a year; fall, winter and spring, with an average distribution of 4,000 copies. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications), those companies advertising in the *Circle*, the *Circle* Editorial Board and staff, Auburn University, its administration, student body, or Board of Trustees.

C OLOPHON

This issue of *The Auburn Circle* was printed on 80-pound Potlach Mountie Matte paper by University Printing of Auburn, Alabama. All color art was photographed by the *Circle* staff. The journalism and fiction typeface is 10-point Times. Poetry is 11-point Helvetica.

S UBMISSION

The *Circle* accepts works from students, staff and alumni of Auburn University.

Prose, poetry, essays and articles should be typed or legibly hand-written. All work is judged anonymously, so do not put your name on the pages. Submissions on computer disk are acceptable. The *Circle* has access to IBM and Macintosh computers.

All artwork submitted remains in the *Circle* office and is photographed to reduce the risk of damage. We accommodate artwork of any size and shape. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our Gallery section.

If you would like your submission back, please come by two to three weeks after the submission deadline. Photographs being used may take longer.

All submissions become property of *The Auburn Circle* on a one-time printing basis only.

The *Circle* is located in the basement of Foy Union down the outside steps of War Eagle Cafeteria, in the Publications Suite. For more information, call 844-4122, or write:

The Auburn Circle
Publications Suite
Foy Union Bldg.
Auburn University, AL 36849

E PILOQUE

Well, it hasn't been easy, but nothing worthwhile comes easy.

The *Circle* has been both cursed and blessed: cursed with years of controversy, blessed with endurance and talent.

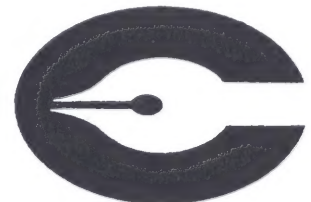
I enjoyed the opportunity to be a part of the *Circle*, to ensure its existence for at least one more year.

I believe in the *Circle*. I believe in all vehicles of communication.

Many deserve credit. Thanks goes to my staff whose ideas and humor challenged and enlightened me. Thank you to Elizabeth Gregory and Scott Finn who provided invaluable assistance. And to Perrin, I would have never managed without your efforts.

Lots of luck to Jennifer Bannister, 1992-93 Editor. Good luck to the *Circle*.

"If anything else goes wrong, I'll have to write a letter to God." - Ellen Perringer



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